

CAVALCADE

MAR. 1!



Will You Be Buried Alive? —PAGE 16



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Cavalcade

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Printed by Consolidated Newspapers Ltd., Magazine Street, Falmouth, for the proprietor, Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 54 Young Street, Sydney, to which company all correspondence should be addressed. PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY EDWARD OSBORN, 54 Young Street, Sydney. Published by the E. & M. Morgan Publishing Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Editor, JIM G. MURRAY. General Manager, FRED J. SMITH. Chief Clerk, ALAN A. MURRAY. Production, ALICE TROUSLEY. Art Director, EDWARD OSBORN. Advertising Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES. Sports Editor, BILL DELANT. Features, JOHN MENNETT. Circulation Manager, DOUG SPICER. Wholesale distributors: Gordon and Smith (Aust.) Ltd.

ADVERTISING

COLIN A. HUTCHESON PTE. LTD.
 Advertising Representatives, 10/11 B. WARDMAN, Leonard House 41 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.
 C. W. HARRIS, 34 Franklin Street, Adelaide. JESS SUTCLIFF, 1715 West 9th Street, Los Angeles.



THE GLUE in the 10,000 photographs

The trunks couldn't be traced to an owner; but dust in the pockets told a story the photographs proved right

IN the early hours of the morning on August 14, 1935, two Scotland Yard men arrived at a block of furnished flats in Shepherd's Bush, London, to investigate the girl's most brutal and baffling murder, which was to lead to a double manhunt almost unique in English crime history.

The dead body of an old woman, who had a furnished flat in the building, had been found beaten and gagged, as she was left by a thief who had ransacked her pitiful be-

liegarage for a margin vase secreted in a trunk under her bed.

Superintendent Walter Hensbrook was in charge, and he found the poor woman's body smothered in sheets, dusters and old clothes which served as an effective gag. All too effective, unfortunately, for apparently she had suffocated to death.

The other detective was a fingerprint expert, who soon got to work with his powder and brush. On the overturned trunk he found a trace

of a man's broad thumb and forefinger. The same print was repeated on a handbag, which was found thrown in a corner and smothered of its contents.

Hensbrook, meanwhile, had been interrogating the other tenants, who told him that the dead woman was Mrs. Ada Perence, a 66-year-old widow who collected the rents from several of the flats. It was this money, apparently, that had attracted her killer.

They drew his attention also to a note which was left in several couples. The last lodgers therein had stayed a week, but had left suddenly two days before, about the time the police attended the murder had been committed.

It didn't take the Superintendent long to get into that room, for the evidence of hasty departure suggested that had been the lair of his quarry. The furniture was checked for fingerprints, and those of the same man and a woman discovered.

The checks at the Yard were slated. Surely that was a ready-made case for the murder must have been committed by that man. Although his prints were traced in those on file, a perfect description of him and his companion was available. Their apprehension was only a question of time — and a very short one at that — was the general opinion.

Forensic Dr. Bernard Spillbury examined the body and revealed just how brutal and cold the killer had been. The feet and head were bruised as if an immovable beast had been inflected upon the frail victim to force her to reveal the location of the rent money she held. But she had not given in easily. With the furthest but unflinching strength that comes to those in desperation, she had clung at the floor straddling over her. Her nails were broken, and under some were

minute portions of skin that showed how she had scratched his face as he lurched.

To thousands of constables all over the United Kingdom were sent posters detailing the crime and the wanted pair.

"A couple giving the name of Williams were tenants in the building," it explained. "They disappeared a day or two before the crime was discovered. Every endeavor has been made to trace them, but they have not come forward. Landlords and housekeepers who let furnished rooms are asked to assist the police. If you have persons as described below in occupation please communicate with the nearest police station."

"SCRUTINISE YOUR LODGERS THEY MAY BE WITH YOU NOW"

In their cluttered room Hensbrook had uncovered two perfume chests which it was thought might lead to their whereabouts or disclosure of their real identity. They were a pair of man's work trunks, and a manufacturer's label removed from a woman's dress. The trunks were old and of cheap make, so could not be traced, but particles of dust in the pockets and seams suggested the owner to be a labourer, probably on road construction familiarly with the dress, for the factory named had produced thousands, and many shops in this district alone stocked them.

Nevertheless, detectives painstakingly started to visit each shop, for there had been no success with the posters. They had merely caused embarrassment to those couples whose way of life and disregard of socialized responsibilities had increased the art of suspicious housewives.

The case that had appeared as simple began to be a headache. A month went by, and the suspects seemed to have vanished — not so hard a task, really, when there are eight million people around you.

Then Detective Inspector Hunk struck off. He located the truck shop where the woman had purchased her dress. The assistant remembered selling it to her as some aluminum had to be made. Her description of the customer talked perfectly with that of the married woman.

By staff this information did not seem as important. But the keen detective brain of Hunk realized it might lead to something that would crack the case wide open — nothing less than a full length photograph of the woman herself in the street just before he entered the shop to question the salesman, he had been snugged by a street photographer. Was it not possible that he had who takes the women when they varied the shop about five weeks before?

It was, and within a few minutes the surprised photographer, an intelligent young fellow named George Miller, was speaking in a police car to Scotland Yard to interview Hunkbrook. The detective's enthusiasm waned a little, however, when told that there would probably be 10,000 photos taken during the week the couple had lodged at Shephards Bush.

"Never mind that," snapped Hunkbrook. "It's a job that will have to be done. The film can be processed together and run through a projecting machine. We can reproduce a miniature theatre and show it to all the people who saw the couple. There are the other lodgers and neighbours and the shop assistant. Surely one of them will be able to spot her."

Altogether 500 of the photos had been thrown on to the screen before Mrs. Anne Gould who lived in Shephards Bush and had seen the Williams couple while out shopping, gave an excited shout.

"That's there! That's Mr. and Mrs. Williams!" she cried.

The assembled police officers gup-

ed at their task. Not only did they have the woman's likeness to be printed and distributed, but Williams himself, the actual murderer, must have accompanied her to the door of the shop, and thus, unwittingly, presented them with a reproduction of his features that would undoubtedly lead to his capture.

The first development came almost immediately. A considerable series of photographs rushed to his superior. "Is that the man we've been looking for all the time?" he queried. "Why, I know him. It's Al! Stratford."

Although, of course, they had no means of knowing it, full particulars of this man had been available all along in the police files. And if, he had been reported missing from the house of his wife and six children. Routine inquiries were instituted and a world love triangle revealed. Mary Flynn, a young girl living in the same building and with whom Stratford had a fling, had also left home. The inference was obvious. The pair had run away together and there was nothing the police could do about it.

Nothing, that is, until now, for instead of being the stars in an illicit love drama the unhappy couple had become the villains of a murder chase. Remorse about at money they had turned to robbery, which led them to a hotel. Perhaps now they were again short of funds, and, not being professional criminals, would appeal to friends and relatives for help. Men were put on guard outside the houses of such people and their letters intercepted.

The constant anxiety and hiding began to tell on the girl. She was only 20, and her romance had turned to tragedy. To relieve herself she wrote some letters to an old workmate, as the police had slowly anticipated. Unknown to this woman, the pitiful appeal, "There are coming to an end. We are hungry

and have no money," had already been read by detectives who turned to the culch taken by the postman—Detective Junction.

In all weathers of disguise, from policemen to beggars and street singers, picked men began a vigil in the streets of this district. Each one knew the form he was looking for as well as he knew his own and eagerly scanned the passers-by. There would surely be promotion for the lucky man who could tip Stratford on the shoulder.

When the capture came it was done so quietly, and the wanted man appeared so relaxed and docile, that it had all the characteristics of an anti-climax. In the station he sat down and told them where they could find his penitentiary.

She too appeared glad to see the tall, stern men who were now knocking at the door of the spirited room they had rented.

Although worried, she giggled away about hysterically. "I'm happy it's over," she smiled. "He had her

up but it wasn't very tight. It kept on coming undone. We couldn't get the gaps around her mouth. She kept pulling them off. We're both as much to blame. They were all loose when we left her. We expected you to turn up sooner or later."

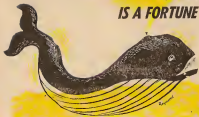
In court Stratford, although aged and haggard, played the part of a clueless lover. He admitted everything, but insisted the girl was innocent.

"Why, she tried to pull me away from the old women," he told the robed English jury. "She tried to pull my hands from Mrs. Forrester's face, and put her finger in for her nose."

Of course the verdict was a three-year manslaughter. Stratford was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. Apparently, however, the words of the lawyer, "His only crime was to have loved the well," had their effect. Mary Flynn was only guilty of the lesser crime of membership, for which the penalty was eight years imprisonment.



A WHALE IS A FORTUNE



MARE FANNING

Whenever a whale is washed ashore there's a headache for authorities—and a vested interest

LIBERAL Party members in New South Wales were faced with a difficult task in September last year. It was the disposal of a 30 foot whale which had made an untimely intrusion into political affairs.

The Liberal Party was holding a school for candidates at Ken's Camp on the East Coast, when the whale was washed up on the beach nearby and stranded by the tide. It wasn't until it had been dead several days and an unpleasant odour began to drift towards the camp, that its presence was discovered. Members of the camp came to a speedy decision. They would have to move the whale and quickly. But the disposal of 22 tons of whale flesh in a rapidly de-

terioring condition was not an easy matter. While ways and means were being devised the odour grew stronger and many thought it might be simpler to push up and ashore camp.

Volunteers were called for, and with unexpired marks and an assortment of turnshovels and axes, they set to work to cut up the carcass. After several hours of arduous and exhausting labour, the men succeeded in heaving the whale into several great heaps, which were towed separately out to sea.

The stranding of large whales on Australian shores has always been a source of embarrassment and worry to the Government and local

authorities who have to devise methods for their removal.

In January, 1933, a dead 48 foot Sperm whale was cast up on Billings Beach near Coolangubra in New South Wales. In three days more than 10,000 curious people flocked to the shore to see this huge animal. But as hot sunbathes took over its decay, the spectators' enthusiasm was short-lived. Workmen who tried to attack the whale with axes, only managed to chop off its tail and then had to retire because of the stench which became so bad that residents of the district feared they would have to evacuate their houses.

A second attempt at cutting up the carcass was also abandoned and the town council, realising that burial was impossible, tried dynamiting the 108 ton body. This, too, was unsuccessful. Finally two powerful tugs were hired to tow the whale out.

It is regrettable that whales stranded or captured by chance should have to be disposed of in this manner as they take with them to the bottom of the ocean a small fortune in oil, embryos, spermatocysts and whalebone.

The blubber process which can be obtained for products extracted from the whale makes it one of the most valuable animals to be found either in the sea or on the land. Whale oil alone, of which some whales have been known to yield 30 tons, has a price today of £113 a ton. Ansborgville, a blubber secretion from the intestines of the Sperm whale is used extensively in the preparation of expensive perfumes, and is worth more than £300 per pound.

The Sperm whale also produces spermatocysts, a translucent, crystalline substance which is used as a cosmetic base, and realises a steadily increasing price each year.

Whalebone is always in demand

for knife handles, bending of ladies' canes, and is sometimes used in the manufacture of certain types of furniture. In recent years, whale steak, which is not unlike beef, but darker in colour and with a slightly sweeter taste, has also found a market.

Scientists believe that the whale was originally a land animal, walking with legs like any other quadruped, and having a nose, mouth, teeth and ears similar to domestic cattle. The theory is that when it took to water, its body grew long and streamlined and its forelegs became flattened and padded with skin and blubber to form paddles. These paddles or flippers then ceased to operate at the joints, with the exception of the shoulder, and instead of being used for forward movement are now employed only to turn, dive or ascend to the surface.

The powerful tail, which is the whale's sole means of propulsion, is believed to have developed from the meeting of the hind legs.

Unlike that of its fellow inhabitants of the sea, the whale's blood is warm, having a temperature of from 31.5 to 36.5 degrees centigrade, only a few degrees lower than that of a horse, which is usually about 38.5 degrees. Its skin is thick and soft, and below this the blubber, a cushion of fat, protects the body heat from the chill waters in which the animal often dwells.

On land the whale may or may not have had a covering of hair, but if it did, this has now disappeared with the exception of a few bristles on its head and chin.

Probably the strangest feature of the whale's transition from a land to a sea animal is the migration of its nostrils from the middle of the face to the top of the head. A whale has no acres of smell, and does not breathe under water, although it can remain submerged for periods

FILE UNDER HEADING
"HORSE SENSE"

Both were keen and lovely
made
Both were shy and half-
afraid
Both were thoroughbred,
and you
Had to choose between the
two
You chose the lovely girl, of
course,
And now you wish you'd had
the horse,
But you haven't really lost
the race,
You got the "lead" in either
case!

—Mackays

up to an hour or more. During this time its nostrils close tightly, opening again as the whale rises to the surface, and allowing the release of water vapor accumulated during submergence. Actually the expulsion of the water, called a spout, is caused by air which has become heated and expanded with water vapor while under pressure in the whale's lungs. When the nostrils are opened, the air from the lungs enters the colder outer air and the vapor is condensed, sending a column of spray high into the air.

The nose of a whale is ridiculously small and placed a few feet behind the eyes. Its eyes are also small, being without the speckle markings found on the eyes of fish, and which they are able to move or lower at will as a means of protection.

A whale's teeth are of whalebone, bending in two rows from the upper jaw with the inner edges frayed into long brittle points, these points fitting together in such a way as to act as strainers for food. When hungry, the whale merely opens its

mouth and yawns forward into the midst of a shoal of lobsters or shrimps and collects its meal.

Female whales are good mothers. Their young, usually 8 or 12 feet long at birth, are born in the same way as mammals and are suckled with milk. During the first few months they appear to have difficulty with their breathing, and are constantly cared for by the mother, who does not leave them entirely to their own resources until the third year.

From the blubber which is weighed around the whale's body is obtained the best quality oil, but when the whale carcass is beached down, even the fish and bones, which are specky, produce considerable quantities of oil. The most prolific producers are the White Whale, found only in Arctic waters, and the Greenland Right Whale, a gruesome looking creature with an enormous head 10 feet deep and 12 feet wide.

The Humpback Whale is also a good producer and it is from this species, which is known to exist in great numbers around the Australian coast, that the Australian Government hopes to derive a revenue of half a million pounds a year when the oil whaling station at Pearl Cove, West Australia is re-established this year.

But because of the enormous and expensive which can be obtained from it, the Sperm whale is the most sought after in all parts of the world.

The oil from a Sperm whale's head is much more valuable than that obtained from its body blubber because of its spermatic content. The spermatic stuff is taken from the huge cavity of the mammal's skull, which measures 8 to 8 feet in depth.

Ambergris from the Sperm whale has sometimes been found floating on the sea or washed up on the shore, and people who have found it have

not always realized its nature or worth. This light, fatty substance is opaque in texture, sticky in color and has variegated lines marble. It is highly inflammable and when heated moves freely a pleasant odor.

It is believed that the Sperm whale goes deeper into the ocean than any other type of whale, with the exception perhaps of the Humpback. A cable repair ship, in April 1922, dragged up a 45 foot Sperm whale from a depth of 3200 feet near the coast of Columbia, South America, and it was estimated that the pressure it had sustained at this depth was about 100 lbs to the square inch.

When large whales leave the ocean depths for shallower water, they frequently become a grave menace to shipping.

A 90 foot whale entered the harbor of Cristobal, Panama, a few years ago, and being unable to find its way out, tried to pass up the canal towards the first locks at Gatun. Skips waiting to enter the canal were held up until the whale had been loaded with machine guns. It was then towed by tugs to the Cristobal Dock, where it was hoisted to extract some of the oil. Two 75 ton cranes and an engine of the Panama Railroad were attached to the whale by steel cables, but it was found impossible to raise the colossal creature from the water.

Tugs again had to tow the whale through the harbor and out to sea, but later it drifted ashore some miles down the coast near a native village. The Indians had moved rapid decomposition and the natives had to leave the village. They appealed to the Government to remove the whale and for the third time the great bulk was attached by tow-ropes to several tugs and taken out to sea. Three Army planes from the Panama Canal zone hovered it from the air and blew it to pieces.

So once again efforts to salvage the valuable products of a whale were defeated.

Many a person has blissfully dreamed of one day making a fortune by capturing a whale and removing its precious contents, but no amateur whaler has yet been able to overcome the overpowering, fast traveling odors which begin to rise from the flesh of the whale a few hours after its death. Professional whalers have such facilities at hand, that the dissection of the whale can be commenced immediately it is drawn from the water and completed before the odors has become too insupportable. But all the clothing worn by these men while a whale is being handled has later to be destroyed, as once whole smell makes contact with it, it cannot be changed.

But despite this and other disadvantages, every time a whale is landed there is a fortune-a striking instance, but still a lot of money-wrapped in the inconvenient period.





When pain makes the nerves tingle and the tears come, some strange people really have a good time.

HE THOUGHT Pain WAS Fun

WHEN they carried the Argentinean youth, Umberto, into the hospital, he was close to death. He was still conscious, and as he was brought to the operating table, he lamented that he needed no medical attention. His legs down-turned in agony, there was yet in his eyes a look of abandoned happiness, and as the doctors hosed his abdomen, they saw a deep, diamond-wide cut.

It was self-inflicted—not because Umberto wished to die or had self-

del tendencies but because growing himself was, to this strange youth, a source of intrinsic pleasure. Around the new wound, the doctors saw scars of old cuts, crudely stitched by unskilled hands.

For Umberto was a masochist; he got sexual pleasure by inflicting injury on himself. He admitted that he had been cutting his abdomen for years and then, with his impulse stunted, he had sewn up the wound with ordinary needle and thread.

This time, the knife had gone too deep, and the wound had become infected.

The case of Umberto, though extreme, is not unusual. The London Daily Mail, on May 7, 1961, for instance, carried this news item: "Ivan Plotsnikoff, a 28-year-old painter, residing at Brelevik near Kharkoff, called at a public library there and asked for a book which would teach him 'to live in truth,' as he expressed himself. He was given the Holy Gospel. A few days later a runner squealed that he had cut off his hand."

When Plotsnikoff had read in the Gospel the text, "And if thy eye offend thee, pluck it out. Matt. V, 29" he took it literally and being excited, began to remove the eye. As he possessed no tool and was unable to remove the eye, he secured an axe, and with remarkable coolness chopped off his hand at the wrist with the fourth blow. Doctors were amazed that he was able to walk fifteen miles to the hospital without falling from loss of blood."

Plotsnikoff, too, was a masochist, whose urge to control self-injury was born in religious frenzy.

According to one authority, sadists—by one to hurt others—and masochists are alike, for the emotionally disturbed person is apt to become sadist and masochist in turn. The man who ill-treats his dog, the employer who castigates an employee for beyond need, the school teacher who unduly inflicts corporal punishment on a pupil—all these are sadists. And, the chastisee, too, they are also masochists.

"An individual may start out to be a sadist, hurting others in frustration," says Dr. Edward van Den-ans, a noted American psychiatrist. "Then, feeling a tonic of shame for his deeds, he deliberately sets himself a form of penance by hurting himself or exposing himself to hurt."

It is true, however, that not all sadists turn to masochism. Hugh, the "cold bath murderer," apparently felt no remorse for his victims—or for himself. The Koch, whose seizure at Bushmills prison-of-war camp brought her imprisonment, was a sadist of the highest degree.

Religious fervor is not an unusual impetus for masochism, for in most creeds there are many instances of self-burnishing as penance for sin. When Plotsnikoff cut off his hand, he was probably urged by the same emotion that caused Biblical characters to don man-of-hair coats.

In India, for instance, a man's corporeal frame has for ages been considered the greatest hindrance to the attainment by the spirit of its proper destiny. The body, then, must be sacrificed for the good of the soul. Or in the words of Professor Sir Max Müller: "According to Hindu theory, the performances of penance are like making deposits in the bank of Heaven. By degrees, an enormous credit is accumulated which enables the depositor to draw the amount of his saving without fear of his debt being refused payment."

This philosophy has manifested itself in Yoga, a practice that causes its followers to undergo, voluntarily, tortures to mortify the flesh. One of the oldest Indian legends concerns two brothers who, spurning the joys of the flesh, clothed themselves in the bark of trees, allowed their hair to become matted and filthy, bound themselves with dirt from head to foot and entered the forests. There, they subjected themselves to terrible penances. They stood for years on their toes, with their arms upraised and their eyes always open. To prove their contempt for worldly things, they cut off bits of flesh from their bodies and threw them into a fire.

The gods, looking down on the

Marjane Main is rapidly becoming famous in her role of Ma Kettle in the comic "Ma and Pa Kettle" series of films. When an interviewer sought to see her on the set during the making of "Ma and Pa Kettle Go To Town," she led the way to her dressing room.

"Let's have a cup of tea," she said. There in her dressing room was no electric stove and all the utensils of aight housekeeping.

"Got to have some place to make my coffee and cook a bit," Marjane explained. "The studio doesn't like it, but I do."

So Marjane Main Kettle cooks for herself in her dressing room with the contempt for the well set-up restaurant.

—from "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine.

men, benched them to further suffering, but the brothers were adamant. At last, when death was close, the gods granted them many privileges in return for forsaking the forest. Amongst the things promised was that the two should be immune from danger except from one another.

And so the brothers returned to their tribe. A human insight to the legend is that from that day forward, they spent their days in lawless living.

As a legend, the story has not the romanticism usually attached to legends of other countries, yet it is symbolical of a country where suffering has always been rife, and where manhood plays an important part of everyday life, for much of India's toward has been self-inflicted.

To the Western mind, the picture of the fike or ndia is most often represented by a figure lying on a bed of nails. This practice, too, stems from a legend.

It is recorded that the god Vishnu, a hairy man in battle, was borne into war in his chariot, and after surviving many conflicts was eventually

ly killed. Struck by spear after spear, his body was thrown from the chariot, but was upheld from the ground by a couch of spears.

The sadhus of India are venerated to the extreme, perhaps because to Hindus they symbolize the sufferings of their country. The sadhu's asceticism is all whose is founded in the will to live, in the determination to hard before receiving birth. In India, however, the impulse for destruction has turned toward to that it is, in effect, a frustration of a frustration.

A ndia will sit in the midst of fire surrounding him, allowing the sun to beat down on him mercilessly and will continue to sit all for days on one leg, or tie his arm in a support until the limb is shrunken and withered, yet another will hold his hand closed until the nails of the fingers have eaten their way into the emaciated flesh.

Even the lower castes attempt to "make deposits in the bank of heaven" by piercing their tongues with metal slivers or by sticking knives into their bodies.

There is no doubt that sadhuism

is an authentic example of that philosophy we dispose of casually as "mind over matter." Some years ago, the Medical Faculty of the Calcutta University had before it a Yogi named Bama Singh who, after pouring hydrochloric acid into the palm of his hand, transferred it to his mouth. This routine was repeated, but this time with sulphuric acid. Finally, he swallowed 16 one-inch rods and eight square inches of glass. X-rayed, his stomach revealed that there had been no deception.

There is no doubt, either, that some reputed Yogis are inspired by the unworthy — but human — urge to make an easy living. There was, for instance, no unaccountable suspension behind the sadhuism of the "ndia" who, begging dish before him, sat in the streets of Bombay with a stick through his throat.

That, anyway, was the picture presented to the casual passerby, but the fact was that he had broken the shaft of the stick into the halt, and swallowed each part to a stick of metal that fitted snugly around his throat.

Unborn Moksha! The sadhu's self-denial and religious fervor. Hugh and Les Koch. The man who beats his dot and the man who usually attends his employees.

These are factors that contribute to the world's complexities, symptoms of a planet's life.

Sadhuism — and to a lesser extent, monasticism — are impulses that are possessed by all of us. Dr. Edward Van Deneser points out, monasticism is but an inverted form of sadhuism. So that having considered this, it is a good deal less likely that an individual will suffer from the other.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



A WOMAN BANDIT



M McEWAN

Mary Frith put a pistol in her belt, dined with England's civil war, and earned herself a nickname and a nice profit.



ROBBED THE GENERAL

WOMEN were men and mix died playthings, or women drudges in the stormy early seventeenth century of Charles I, and Cromwell's protectants, but when one looked over the traces she went the whole way . . . and her life was as up-raising as the times.

Even George Road gained no greater glory in her own sphere than did the Aldersgate-street showman's daughter, in her chosen field of vice and crime. A roving, hard-

drinking, hard-fighting sympathizer of the Martyr King, Mary Frith had not much respect for the law at any time, and so little for Cromwell's law that she took to the highway, branched, spurred and wheeled, to commit great robberies on the earned Roundheads, and make a fortune or two for herself as well.

Making Roundhead Month a terror for Old Nell's good soldiers and true wasn't enough for Mary Frith—or Moll Outpence as she was nick-

named from her previous profession of picking pockets. On a dark, lonely night as he rounded the Heath, armed and accompanied by two servants Cromwell's great General Fairfax was challenged by a single "gentleman" of the road, and ordered to hand over his gold. When he got over the first surprise of realizing that his attacker was a woman, Fairfax fought his men, and set about to defend his gold. But Moll was an excellent swordswoman and did. She killed the horses of the General's escort, and galloped off into the sun and made off with the £50 gold Jacobites—a coin struck in the reign of James I.

Laughing uproariously at her escape she left the dumfounded general cursing, and galloped off into the night. Seeing the gold go with the highway girl, Fairfax rode furiously to Hounslow-town where he gathered a party of Parliamentary soldiers to pursue the wench.

The chase was fast and game with the soldiers slowly gaining. Near Turnham Green Moll's horse began to falter. Apprehended by the soldiers, and so greatly outnumbered she knew it was useless to fight, she was cut off to Newgate and condemned for her daring crimes. It may have been a quick death, on Tyburn Hill, to a turbulent career, but Moll knew that generally—even Fairfax, quiet—art and unscrupulous, and bought her freedom with £2500, which was probably stolen Parliamentary money in any case.

Although she was scared by her closeness to the rope and grew up the highway life, Moll continued in her career of crime in a manner that surpassed the dare predictions of her happily dead relatives.

An only child, Moll Outpence was born in quite favorable circumstances for her times, and could reasonably have been a good, cheerful daughter and wife, dying unborn of

and wrong. Yet her chosen of crime made her a popular romantic figure, immortalized in ballads, poems, and Thomas Middleton's play, "The Roaring Girl" which was based on Moll's life. She was treated indulgently by her parents, especially her mother, carefully cared for and educated in the accepted womanly accomplishments, but needle and thread suited the wench girl. As often as she could she crept into the streets to fight and beat the archers and attend the bear baiting. Her love for animals was deep, and she kept several pets, trained to entertain her mates with their tricks.

Her parents, and most of her close relatives died, and was perished by her violent ways, when Moll was still young, leaving her for a while in the care of her father's brother, a minister. The good man immediately feared he had trouble on his hands. Though a sturdy wench, fit to go into service, his niece was too great a libertine to submit to domestic confinement. Getting money where she could she dined about, the ale houses, in company with rogues and pimps. It is probable that she rather shoulders with the Lord himself, since her close friend Benks was owner of the famous trusted horse, Morocco, which is mentioned as "the dancing horse" in "Love's Labor Lost." In these early days Moll used her eyes and ears, gathering gossip and information, which proved useful when she was later the most powerful influence in her thieves' world. The minister decided that his niece was irreclaimable and had her transported aboard a merchant ship bound for New England. It seemed she was off his hands for good. But, seeing her other unusually accomplishments, Moll had learnt to swim. At night, when her guards relaxed, she dived from the ship and swam ashore. From that time, however, she kept well clear of her

At dinner, the other day, a pompous dignitary feasted, to his consternation, that he had drunk too much and that his head was reeling. He tried to control himself, and spoke very little. All went well, until his hostess invited him to see the children in the nursery—two delightful boys.

The worthy dignitary rubbed his eyes, then in a most dazed tone, he said, "Oh, what a nice little boy!"

dignified—and distasteful—objective.

Recently impatient and impatiently by her lack of a competence or towards to protect her Moll set out to live life in her own way. She learnt the trade of cutting purses and picking pockets, and was so adept she became the queen of the "File-theft" or Catperson. In the days before pockets were invented ritzmas carried their purses tied by thangs to their belts, and the thieves and similar methods to those of their modern brethren. A "bitch" would create an obstruction, Moll, "the File" cut the purse and handed it to the "bitch" who carried it off.

As a further outlet for her energy Moll became a competent swordswoman and pistol shot. Most of her leisure hours were spent at the Bull Savage Inn with her friend, the Squire. Banks. He taught Moll much about the knowing of women, so that she carried herself in later years by keeping fit.

Banks born, Morocco, got Moll into a major scrape when she accepted his mother's wager to ride the horse through the streets of

London, clad in men's clothing, blowing on a trumpet and bearing a banner in her hand—an Underworld Joan of Arc. Moll won the wager, and was possessed on by the Church. Seeking of the outrage, the punishment of the both tried her and found her guilty of being indiscreetly clad. She was sentenced to do penance in a white sheet before St. Paul's during the morning service.

The judges should have known better than to try to shame Moll. She was proud of the potential garb and for a half penny would have paraded through the market places of every town of England. Besides, the spectators had little cause for sport. Her pale ruffled with the crowd, holding a pocketbook's her-day, and on every stark portress of purses and slacks that their owners went home as asked as plucked fawns behind Moll enjoyed the joke over her alo, and was so taken with the bewitching and doubtful agency that she continued to wear them for the rest of her life. Indeed it was an improvement, for Moll could never lose her power and lurches clean and tidy.

She was strong, well-built and energetic, but for those beautiful and naive they could do her looks no harm the rougher clothes were in some ways an improvement.

The horse, Morocco, an intelligent bay, trained to dance and count and perform recovery tricks which would not be considered unusual today, no fool of the Church years after when Banks took him to the Continent. Both the man and horse were accused of being in league with the powers of Darkness and burnt at Rome for witchcraft. Moll the other party in the joke, continued on her cozying way, bewailing petty thieving for the highway when her beloved king was executed. She made a fortune robbing the Roundheads, and after the elbur with Fairfax,

ended down to a much sadder life as a beggar between thieves and the public.

It was not the thieves who came to dispose of their stolen goods at her headquarters near the Conduit in Fleet Street, but the unhappy vicars who paid well to have their property traced and returned.

Moll's enemies were mainly against Parliament and the representatives. Impoverished supporters of Charles found her generous, and in helping them she spent much of the £1,000 she accumulated from her activities.

against the Roundheads. Forgery was added to general roguesy. Moll employed a dishonest counterfeiter who found it so easy to imitate Cromwell's "single sun warrant" that he paid large amounts from even the Roshaguar, until Oliver was forced to use a private mark to make his credit good with his own men.

So that she might be as prosperous in death as during her lifetime she desired that she be buried with her branch upwards, but whether the authorities agreed or not, can only be imagined.

STANDING STILL

By GLENN WILLIAMS



A six-foot Irish soldier with a fair for receiving prisoners, won an Indian kingdom with the sword and lost it with the bottle.



The wild Irish King of HARIANI

EDWARD ANDREWS

WHEN George Thomas deserted from a British company at Madras in 1761, his officers did not bother to look for him.

He was only an ignorant Irishman who could not read or write. He had no money and knew no one in India. He would turn up next morning.

Young George Thomas found a hiding place with the Pelligars, a group of semi-independent tribal chieftains who lived precariously in the mountain hills and jungles of India. He stayed with the Pelligars for five years, living as a native and picking up a deeper, more intimate knowledge of India than any white man of his time.

It was only a few years since Clive and Duple had shown what could be done with small native armies trained and led by Europeans.

Thomas became a provider in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, which was dominated by Frenchmen.

He left the army and went to Delhi. At Delhi Thomas took service with the Begum Sheraz of Rohaudan.

Thomas, a tall, handsome Irishman with an open, laughing face and a flair for heroism, attracted her at once. She gave him command of a battalion in her army—and a share girl as a wife. He became, too, governor of a district which was subject to raids by Sikh tribesmen.

In the intervals of fighting the Sikhs, the dilapidated ruler had distracted well, but grew tired of the job.

After taking a previous worth £10,000 a year, he left Sheraz with only £250 to show for his years in India.

In 1785, he took service with the Mysore Maharaja chieftain Appa Khandu Rao. To test his new followers, Appa gave him no money to pay his troops. He made Thomas governor of a province notoriously reluctant to pay taxes and told him to pay his men from tax revenues.

After a passing raid on neighboring territories, Thomas attacked the chief town of his new province. His well-trained troops fed when they were attacked, but Thomas called a few men around a begged gun and defeated the townsmen.

The townsmen decided it was no use arguing with a man like Thomas. They agreed to pay their taxes.

He was long organizing his government when natives attacked Appa in his capital. Thomas marched day and night through rain, arrived at the besieged fortress at 2 a.m. and attacked the natives at dawn.

Appa presented him and gave him an elephant and palanquin suitable as reward for his service.

His reputation was growing and the powerful Maharaja prince, Serinda, offered him a command in his own army. Serinda had the finest European-trained army in India; it was the surest way to advancement in the country. But Thomas refused the offer.

The undisciplined ruler had an innate sense of humor. In a day and an hour when men advanced by treachery and broken promises, Thomas never changed sides during a conflict. He sold his sword, never himself.

When Appa died Thomas was dismissed by Appa's nephew and left with an army which had not been paid for months. For a time he became a simple freebooter, raiding Sikh villages whenever he needed food or money.

Then he moved his whole army into the district of Hariani. This area, once rich and fertile, lay between the Marathas and Sikhs zones of power.

For centuries it had been devastated by the armies of both sides. There was an Indian legend that the population of its capital, Hariani, was "one Sikh and two Marathas."

But Hariani had advantages for Thomas. It stood on the only high ground for miles. When Thomas had rebuilt its mud walls and improved its water supply, Hariani was a natural fortress.

Thomas established himself in Hariani as an independent king. He obtained his own rupias, established an arsenal to make guns and ammunition.

By now he was living completely in native fashion. He kept a large harem, ate Indian foods and wore Indian clothes. But he still kept up one European habit—whisky. As his power grew, Thomas alternated fighting with soft living and hard drinking.

In 1798, Thomas began his most spectacular campaign—a drive deep into the heart of the powerful Sikh nation.

The Sikhs ruled one of the richest provinces, could put thousands of men into the field for each attack. Thomas could master. But Thomas, with extraordinary military insight, relied on the density of the Sikh clans.

As usual with Thomas' more audacious campaigns, there was a woman in the case. The Rajah of Pindia was at war with his sister Kauri. She appealed to Thomas for help.

Thomas marched at once with 1,500 men, stormed a series of fortresses, and rescued her from her brother.

At one stronghold first Thomas personally manhandled a gun up to the walls, blew in the gates and led his warriors to the attack, sword in hand.

His swift series of victories alarmed the Sikhs who formed a general conspiracy and moved 5,000 men into position to attack him.

When enemy cavalry attacked his flanks he dextrously ordered his infantry to fix bayonets and charge.

**DISTANT FIENDS ONLY LOOK GREENER THROUGH
ROSE-COLOURED GLASSES!**

Worried over business firms, harassed in the home,
Perplexed about a golfing fault troubled by the car,
Irritated by the lack of opportunity to roam,
Bitter 'cause your wagon's hunched to just a minor war,
Jealous because your health may yet play a good card,
Wondering what other people really think of you,
That's the way it is, and you would change it if you could,
For someone else's lot — to find that he is full of worries, too

—MacKegg.

The damaged Sikh cavalry broke and fled at the unexpected onslaught.

Although he retreated from Sikh territory his victory was complete. The Sikhs paid him 200,000 rupees indemnity, agreed to leave Kurur to live in peace.

They had to pay the cost of keeping two of Thomas' battalions at the border to maintain peace.

Thomas, who had never liked of the Rosen system of conquest, proposed to use these disease methods. He intended to move down the Indus by a fleet of boats, settling colonies of his veterans at strategic spots. Thus he would slowly conquer India.

The plan was not adopted but it frightened Scindia. Thomas, backed by a veteran, loyal army, was a menace to every prince in India.

After some preliminary negotiations, Scindia's French commander, Major Louis Bourgeois, swept into Harass

with 18,000 men and besieged a force of 800 men Thomas had stationed in Georgetown.

By a brilliant planned retreat, Thomas drew Bourgeois's main forces from Georgetown and doubled back. He marched 70 miles in two days, surprised and destroyed the besieging force.

When Bourgeois, killed and entry, returned to Georgetown, Thomas had drawn up his troops behind his well-tried thorn barrier and was waiting there to meet the attack.

The bloody battle lasted all day. Bourgeois, forced to advance against automatic fire under the intense fire of 50 guns, lost nearly a quarter of his troops.

By midnight, Thomas had India in his grip. One more of his dash-and-attack would have destroyed Bourgeois's army. Thomas already had friends among the commanders of Scindia's other troops; together they

could control Scindia, who controlled the shadow Emperor and most of India.

Instead of leading an attack, Thomas went to his tent—with a case of whiskey. Why he chose that crucial moment for a drinking bout no one will ever know. His biographers hurry past the incident in their pompous 19th century prose.

But Thomas stood apart from the rough adventures and conditions of his times. He had charity, honor, imagination. Almost his only close friend was Captain Hopkins, a demented young Englishman who served as his second in command. And Hopkins had been killed that morning, fighting Thomas' battle. Some deep loneliness of the spirit sent the imprudent Hopkins off on a jag that lasted for a fortnight.

When Thomas recovered from his hangover, his position was hopeless. His troops had been surrounded by 20,000 men. Sikhs, Mahometans—all the people Thomas had debauched over 20 years—had joined Scindia for the kill.

The Frenchman tried a desperate and unexpected maneuver—a night attack with his cavalry. But his plans were betrayed; his veterans ran into a carefully laid ambush.

At last, with 300 cavalry, Thomas charged 2000 men, and broke through. He rode his favorite French steed through the night for 100 miles.

When Bourgeois attacked the city with 15,000 men, Thomas' 5000 veterans fought back with burning tanks, powder pain, boiling water. Thomas himself handled a gun in the heaviest square, drove back repeated attacks.

But the force was too great. In the end Thomas was compelled to surrender.

Scindia's French officers, admiring Thomas' gallantry and skill, invited him to their tent. Bourgeois, badly injured, proposed a toast to the victors. The Frenchmen, drunk and reassembled,

burst into tears, as he looked defeat.

Then suddenly he stood up, eyes blazing, drew his sword and shouted "One Irish sword is still sufficient for 100 Frenchmen."

A man like Thomas did not resign defeat.

One of the terms of surrender was that Thomas should leave India. He began the long trek back to the sea. He had left 30 years before. His wives and innumerable children went with him.

But the Sailor Sahib never saw the sea. He died in an obscure confinement, was buried in the British cemetery.

The old Begum Samru of Bhermora, his first patroness, took care of his children. He had fought for her, rebelled against her, reunited her, two of her husbands had fought him under Bourgeois. But the Begum had known him when he was young; she couldn't help liking the man.

George Thomas' grave is not marked. His independent kingdom died with him, the story of his brilliant victories has almost been forgotten.

But in Sikh villages mothers still hush children with the threat: "Jewraj Jung is coming."



THERE
IS
NO
CURE
FOR



One of the commonest causes of mankind is a complaint which has been given a lot of research without any proven result.

HAY FEVER had no meaning any more but for humankind's sake but is serious stuff for the sufferer. His number now is about 1 per cent of our total population or one out of every 11, or if we limit this to adults, about one out of every 15. And the number is increasing!

True, it is one of the allergies. The victim is allergic to pollen. But it is hereditary—as are almost all allergies. The sensitivity to the pollen is the hereditary "poison on" from one or both parents. On the children may fall victims to almost all such as eczema, hives, urticaria or asthma—all of them more or less allergic too.

And we need not have hay fever because to have hay fever:

What is hay fever? Inflammation,

sensitiveness and irritation when certain pollens come in contact with the membranes or linings of the nose, throat, sinus and eyes.

Rhinitis and sinusitis are variable symptoms, sneezing takes place, eyes burn, nose "runs" or is stopped up—and in general, the sufferer feels badly while the attacks are on. Between attacks, he's fairly comfortable.

Variations are common. Some have severe attacks, others light or modified ones. Usually the sufferer has a sneezing attack at waking time in the morning. Water drains from the nose, and then suddenly the nasal passages are blocked. Even the ears and face may itch.

Even the same individual may have variations during the hay fever season or during the same day.

The sneezing, watering and itching are not steady—they come and go during the day.

On the other hand almost as many suffer more at night. As soon as they lie down for the night's rest, the rest doesn't follow. Breathing becomes difficult.

The situation is intensified in all victims through night air chilling, through over fatigue during the day, too much alcohol, eating cold foods, exposure to air laden with dust and mechanical impurities.

Fortunately for most of the victims, hay fever is not round-the-year but only in the hay fever season—about August 15 to the first frost, which varies in different sections of the country—nowhere from September 15 to October 15 for most victims—the ragweed group.

Hay fever can be an early season affair. About one of every ten hay fever victims yields to the POLLEN OF TREES in early spring—March through June.

Three of 10 become sensitive to GRASS in the late spring and early summer—May 25 through middle of July.

WEEDS attack perhaps 6 of 10 in the early fall—August 15 to the end of September.

The geographical area also affects the dates due to the early and late seasons. The kinds of trees common in an area also affect the situation.

As outgrowth is gradual. The first year it causes little trouble; one may mistake it for a slight cold. It "builds up" the second year, and by the fourth or fifth year, the victim knows definitely that he's on. Each year after this measurement or fall development the year is about the same in intensity.

The pollens are mostly from ragweed, grass and trees. Warm weather with plenty of sun favors pollination and the consequent sneezing of

the pollen particles on the atmosphere on days when a brisk wind blows.

Conversely, temperatures not so hot, cloudy days, rain, a bit of chill, keep pollen distribution down.

Living on the shores of a body of water gives relief when the breeze blows from water to land—as it usually does on very hot days and on summer nights.

Well, why worry greatly? Just cure the hay fever. Alas, there is no cure notwithstanding all the progress of medical science. Dozens of new cures are announced but none for hay fever like the common cold, because it is baffled.

There still is no cure for hay fever for its cause is natural. BUT THERE'S HOPE, STRONG HOPE.

The family of drugs known as anti-histamines slow up the chemical which may be the cause of hay fever, that is, the swelling of membranes. Use them only on doctor's prescription. Their effects vary between individuals, some of these have harmful after-effects on some individuals. There is much variation in the curative values and the after-effects.

Keep in mind that hay fever is not infectious.

Also that if you neglect to treat yourself if you have hay fever, it is more than an even probability you will end up with asthma, which by comparison is a serious and disabling ailment.

At the Chicago convention of the American College of Allergists, it was pointed out that injection of anti-hay fever serum combined with the new anti-histamine drugs reduces the number of necessary treatments. (This was brought forward by A. L. Maletta, of Boston.)

The Indianapolis specialist Dr. M. H. Motherhill set forth that epinephrine, introduced about 1906, gave complete relief only when administered in large doses which in

A robot typewriter, invented during the war by a German scientist, is being developed in America. It is said to deliver letters as fast as they can be dictated.

The sound of the human voice operates electric circuits which work the keyboard. Spoken words are broken down into components by a microphone built into the machine.

turn increased the undesirable after-effects; however, by using this drug with an anti-histamine drug, relief was almost complete and with little bad after-effects.

PHE — PYRIMETHAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE is available, at not great cost. This histamine drug and ephedrine and benadryl have been hailed as specifics—that is, definite cures; but they do not cure; yet they are worthy of full trial.

The very fact that hay fever sufferers are "luckier" for my newly announced "cure" makes exploitation of drugs profitable.

ANTHRAX hit the 1945 headlines and drug shelves, at \$4 for 90 pills. The cures reported as cured or given "relief" were not enough in numbers nor of the common reward hay fever type to insure full scientific acceptance.

BENADRYL, developed principally by Mayo Clinic, has been found fairly satisfactory. It is available through doctor's prescription. But reactions may be severe—dizziness, dry mouth, gastric distress, fatigue,

nervous feeling, etc. Then of course the use of the drug must be discontinued. **BUT THIS DRUG HAS GIVEN REASONABLY GOOD RESULTS.**

PHE is allied chemically to Benadryl. Reactions are milder although not so many suffered these reactions as from Benadryl. **PHE** is administered by mouth in tablet form, usual dosage 20 mg. as is Benadryl. It is best used with desensitizing injection treatment and under a physician's supervision.

In the use of all three of these drugs, particularly Benadryl and **PHE**, other favorable results have been obtained. Hives, acute urticaria, bronchial asthma, skin rash (allergic dermatitis), skin rashes from eating strawberries, fish, etc., are treated favorably by these drugs in not a few cases.

Sensitivity in dogs, cats, horses, fowl, even acid allergies, sunlight allergies, allergy to other drugs such as soda, insulin, penicillin—well, we must not go on too far for our next we attribute too much success to the use of these drugs, but they offer relief at least to a great percentage of hay fever victims.

They still do not cure hay fever, they relieve the symptoms. And the beneficial effects in other allergies and syndromes as mentioned should be kept in mind.

If ragweed is the cause of the allergy, residence in the South-west or in certain sections of Fla. brings comfort. Heavily timbered areas in the mountains—far instance, northern Mich., Wis., northeastern Canada, Maine, Adirondacks gives relief.

And if you can't go away, strict your prophylactic shade early—for the ragweed season begins early in May.

This immunity through "shade" is based upon repeated injections of anti-body serum.

The Journal of the American Medical Association drops the following storm bomb:

The use of vitamin C for hay fever and other allergic conditions, although more recently approved by the medical profession, has been found "harmful and wasteful."

THERE IS NO CURE for hay fever—thus far. Let us hope that out of the scientist's test tube and the laboratory mouse may come soon a definite cure.

A drug store in our neighborhood blossoms forth with a large sign in the window: "May free now at its height, get . . . here the instant relief." Perhaps the sign should state—"Relief for an instant."

Our state laws classify weeds on the basis of injury to crops rather than to health, hence the fight against pollen-bearing weeds such as ragweed is voluntary—it is not a weed "regulated against."

However, local and county authorities should be urged to mow or burn weeds, as ragweed always is found among the prescribed weeds. Roadside also should be urged to keep right-of-way "down in weeds" especially during last half of July and first half of August.

Weeds should be cut **BEFORE THEY GO TO SEED** or pollinate as it is the pollen dust which is a joy to the hay fever sufferer (or whatever the sensitive factor is).

Ragweed usually matures in the northern part of U.S. (Chicago area for instance) during the first ten days of August. Hot dry weather increases the pollen count, the amount of pollen dust in the air.

In most cities, the house and building section of the city government has authority to compel property owners to cut weeds.

SOME MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS: Sleep in warm rather

than chilly quarters. Avoid damp quarters.

Keep head slightly elevated. Change sleeping position frequently.

Keep out of drafts. Don't ride in auto, buses and trains more than absolutely necessary.

Chills and damp are to be avoided. Bathe in hot water.

Drink copiously—water, milk, soft drinks; avoid liquor. Better eat just enough or sparingly rather than too much.

And don't get fatigued, over-worked too hard, then your body resistance is lowered and the hay fever sensitive factor can make headway.

Nevertheless relief from hay fever is best obtained by visiting or living in suitable areas and those are the places where there is an absence of certain plants, the pollen of which affects sufferers.



THE END OF Arguments



Do Snakes swallow their young to protect them from danger?

Laymen by the hundred from every part of Australia will swear in writing that they have seen snakes swallow their young. But no scientist anywhere in the world has come on record as agreeing that they do. It is possible that snakes have been seen trying to eat other smaller snakes, and that this has given rise to the story; certainly there isn't sufficient evidence to get the eating of the young proved in any court of law!

Is a "Beware of the Dog" notice legal protection for the owner of a warning dog?

No, in the answer. People sometimes think that having put up a notice warning danger, that they are free from liability if anyone is hurt. This depends on the wording of the notice, but many such notices are legally only an admission of danger and would therefore prove the claim of an injured party. "These signs are unsafe," "Beware of the Dog" are typical ones, but "Keep Out — Savage Dog," however, as it instructs people not to enter, would normally free the dog owner from liability.

Are "more cars than ever are being manufactured since the war?"

Again, no. In the United States in 1950 the total of cars manufactured

was 76,000 less than in 1929, when, despite slow machines and production methods, 1,155,000 vehicles were built. The production lines are speeding up, however, and—despite labor troubles—it is expected that the all-time peak will be exceeded by the end of this year.

Is there a difference between ultra sound and supersonic waves?

Yes, Sound waves too high-pitched for the human ear to hear are called ultra sonic; any speeds faster than the speed of sound are referred to as supersonic. The speed of sound is 760 miles an hour at sea level. The difference between ultrasonic and supersonic is the difference between pitch and speed.

Is it true that the state of Texas, which has no sea coast, has an important shipping port?

Yes, Houston, Texas, is the third ranking deep-sea port of the United States. This is because a sea-made shipping channel 26 miles long connects the city with the Gulf of Mexico.

Is a large house fly older than a small one?

No. The fact is that no fly or other species of insect grows after it leaves the pupal stage. Flies are born fully developed and do not change until they die. They are born complete adults—with all the functions and activities of adults.

PENNY

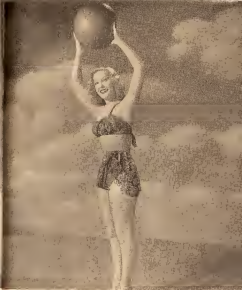
puts back
the clock



This is Penny Edwards, a real person and there is no spell to bewitch that by now she'll be somebody's grandmother. Penny isn't even anybody's mother yet — she's one of Warner Bros. 1950 delights, and at the moment of this photograph was getting an idea of what has it would be to go bathing in grandmother's day.



Mama know better. What a hellion she was, at that, when a brief twenty years ago she forsook the strictly neck-to-knee outfit. Possibly she reasoned that if grandpa could show her arms right up to the elbow and get away with it, something similar might be done with legs. Anyway, the skintight, knitted piece in which Penny Edwards poses above was the storm center of heated controversy about the time Penny was a twinkle in her father's eye . . .



But Daughter knows best, and it's the same lovely Penny who proves it once again in this almost classic number. Big thing in favour of this little get-up is that you can see everything that makes it good in one long and searching glance, there can't be much argument about it, you're convinced at once. Penny recalls that only about eighteen months ago this was described as a "daring" swim suit. "Daring?" she echoed. "I dare them to try and take it away from me!" She meant, of course, the streamlined styling, not the actual suit being worn at time of snapping.

BETTY NESBIT

When I go shopping in France I like to have a bath at my hotel's house. This is why



IN Paris BATHS ARE PUBLIC

THE days Thursday, Friday and Saturday are pretty important in my life at the moment. In my weekly calendar they're signed with a red circle. Not that I could forget their significance, anyhow, because they're the precious moments when I present myself at the public baths for my weekly splash along with the other inhabitants of the various narrow streets around and about Rue Dauphine in Paris' Latin Quarter.

My bath-house is tucked away in a building off a courtyard where a large notice says, "Bains et Douche." At first, this latter word used to

sound rather awkward to my Anglo-Saxon ears but when you know it's just a shower, it hardly matters.

I always take a "douche" because it only costs 35 francs, whereas a bath is up around the 50 francs mark.

For 40 francs I could also hire a peignoir (bath towel) but that has always seemed to be a bit exotic and hardly necessary as once I disappour into my shower cabinet I'm alone in the world. I've thought, of course it might be rather cute to have one and stroll through the waiting-rooms looking like a Mistral oodles.

Madame, at the entrance where

the fee is paid, is a benevolent old dame who sits at her desk surrounded by a great mound of maps, envelopes, toilet soaps, bottles of essences, etc., and both sides. She has seemed to me with my improvement in coping with her difficult language.

I always have the dreary, uncomfortable moments of waiting one's turn. We're all nervous and carry with those lucky ones who are already splashing under their hot water. We sit in our own chairs looking up slowly and restlessly at the globules of water which the steam forms on the ceiling. We look sulky and apologetic ever first continually on the face, each one of us lost in our impatience to stand under a waterfall of hot water. We clutch our bath bags and pray that our number in the next to be called.

Then comes in the girl "Quatre vingt dix" she smiles.

Well, that's all right for the French. They know in a split second that "quatre vingt dix" is ninety but I have to work it out — "Quatre vingt?" "That's four twenties!" I say, "that makes 80 and 'dix' that's ten, so it's 90."

I missed my turn three times in the early days working it all out. Because when I didn't answer "oui" to "quatre vingt dix" the bickering with "dix" dashed in.

But once under the shower and the silent suggestive bathers took out into jargon song.

And what international singing at the bathhouse in the Rue Dauphine.

I've heard songs in Chinese, various Indo-Chinese languages, half-baby folk songs, French love songs, the latest South American tangos, and lots and lots of Pasopas.

I in sheer expression of national pride sing "Willing Willing" or the "Good to Goodbye." I must say them fairly often as I notice some of my fellow bathers are

learning snippets of it which they chant with curious accents.

In the streets of Paris you can always pick out someone who is either going to or coming from their bath. They carry little round towels, rather like the ones we take to the surf. I've got a large one as my bathing equipment is certainly complete.

I wore bath slippers while standing under the shower. The floor, a strong and vile smelling disinfectant, is far sprinkling on the floor. If all these precautions don't save off the most vicious health, I don't know what will.

I hardly passed on the advertisement sheet it being possible to wash your underwear at the same time as one's self in an American friend of mine. He interpreted it too literally.

He took along his few soiled shirts of the week and slipped them around as neatly as some old peasant hanging at his laundry on a stone by the side of a river.

This man was heard by the attendant (a waler up to all these gobs as somehow) and she knocked loudly on his door.

"C'est débordé," she cried shrilly. "L'eau est beaucoup. Ce n'est pas une blanchisserie" (It's not allowed to wash your linen. This is not a laundry).

I lost her a 50 franc tip to make the poorer but she's still suspicious of him.

Since the last few months have been the height of the tourist season I've been able to take more regular baths.

This is owing to the arrival of my tourist friends who stay in stay hotels on the right bank with "private bath."

When they ask me what sort of entertainment I would enjoy I say freely "Well, as a matter of fact, I'd adore to come and take a bath if you don't mind."

Crime Capsules



LANGUAGE SAVED A LIFE — In California a posse was hunting for John Bello, far wanderer. By mistake it found John Bello, a Finnish farmer who had settled in Austria. While he was in trial awaiting trial a speech was decided to deal summary justice, took him from his cell and stood him under a tree. All his protests were washed down. When John Bello felt the rope around his neck his companion broke. Tearfully he began to babble in his native language, and the mob recoiled in the nick of time that they had the wrong man. Language saved Bello's life.

SOFT DRINK DEATH — Robert Bailey was hitch-hiking along a road when two young women driving a car offered him a ride. Later the bodies of the young women were found and identified. They had been murdered and their car stolen. Following along the road where the crime occurred, police found a soft drink bar where the proprietor remembered a customer had pulled in for a drink. He had bought a bottle, had been too nervous to finish it. The proprietor was able to pick the half-empty bottle from his crate of capsules, and the fingerprints on it led straight to Robert Bailey, who confessed he had killed the girls to get their car.

CLASSROOM CRIME — To demonstrate how limited powers of observation are a psychology teacher at Harvard University had a week standing ahead as a surprise before the class. Several students were "struck down." Of the rest of the class not one was in agreement on the number of students "killed." The color of the victims' hair and clothing couldn't be accurately described, and the murder weapon was described as pen-knife, stiletto, and many other things. Nobody hit the truth that the "weapon" was a ripe banana!

100 YEARS IN GAOL — In 1898 in Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Hoffman was battered to death and a jewel box and a purse containing eight dollars were stolen. When police were questioning Robert Monroe, a newspaper boy, he told how he had visited Mrs. Hoffman's house that evening, sold her a newspaper. She had given him a glass of orange juice. The kid was interested in police. "I read all about detectives and crime," he said. "Did you find my finger prints on the hammer?" Then they arrested him, because only the killer and his victim know what the murder weapon was. Saved from the chair by his youth, Robert Monroe got sentence total—100 years.



They came at me. A couple of the boys grabbed him just as then.

around so if he had already won, and I tried to think of an excuse for not talking to him so I ducked into the Greek's Cafe to keep out of Bello's way. I'd have to fight him. I reckoned, but I wanted to win, the day first.

Then they came in and made for my table. They was my mate, we worked together staying timber on a contract.

"That! What the Hell brought you into town?" I asked.

"Was Vera all right when you left the morning?" he asked.

"Seemed to be. What's wrong?" Instead of answering, he shoved a dirty slip of paper across the table. Vera was his wife, and she was the reason why he never came into town for the wood-chops. He reckoned it wasn't fair to leave Vera alone in the camp.

That was true. A woman needs nerves of steel and the heart of a lion to live in a log camp in the

WHAT IS THE SEASON FOR FORBIDDEN FRUIT

The summer's been a ratty path
Strewn with the dusty beauties of the beach
The cooler winds of autumn days
Port puts such lovely whiten beyond reach
But I understand that you can get
If or on extra fee, of course
a winter peach.

—Quincy

June. She's there all day, with nothing to look at but a solid wall of bearded vines waiting to tear her eyes out if she leaves the humpy. It was like that for Vera all the time we were working.

I had argued that we should take her with us, but the idea seemed to get under Tiny's skin. That was why I hadn't mentioned the subject too much.

The stamp of paper Tiny showed me was a note from Vera. "Dipset call to Carmo, can't you send money, as much as you can, to Carmo Post Office—important."

"Her people must be in trouble," I said.

"Her people don't live in Celma anyway, who took her the message? How did she get into town?"

"Must be some trouble she didn't like to tell you," I suggested. "In that case, it would be pretty desperate, I'd say."

"Why wouldn't she tell me? If she needed money, the least she could do would be to . . ."

He broke off, and I guess it was because of the way I was looking

at him. We both knew that if Vera had asked him for money to go to Carmo, he'd have knifed her back, so either what her message. It would have been the same as with the wood-shop because he wasn't sure of her. He was afraid she'd refuse to come back, and she just away from the camp.

You had to know Vera to understand that. She had everything that makes a girl desirable — a firm rounded figure with the curves all in place, and a vivid face that didn't need make-up. Tiny loved her in a fierce sort of way, as if he expected to lose her. After months in that humpy together, she still doubted him so that he couldn't really believe that she was his, or that she was as devoted to him as he was to her.

"Well," he swore after a while. "What can a man do?"

"Send her the money?" I urged. "You want her back, don't you? You can't expect her to come back if you leave her first after a note like that."

I was feeling sorry for Tiny. I knew he couldn't help it. He'd probably go off his black if he ever lost her, and he was just trying, the only way he knew, to hold her. "How much do you reckon I ought to send?" he asked at last.

"As much as you can. Send a hundred quid. She's worth everything you've got, isn't she? That is as far as to have her thanking you are fed up, and sick of her."

He seemed to make up his mind. He leaned forward and, in a loose sort of way, he asked, "You can win this shop can't you?"

"I can beat Redmond's best time by three seconds," I said. "You know that?"

"What odds can I get?" he asked. "Six to one — why? You aren't going to . . ."

"I'll send her some real money!" he swore. "Just win that shop, Jus-

teaf's all you need to do for now!"

He slouched out of the cafe and I didn't see him again till I went round behind the pub for the shop but I knew he had been betting heavily because the odds had shortened to three to one.

It was just on three o'clock when I got my nose out of the air and went to the back of the pub. Everybody was there but the only one I noticed was Tiny. He was swinging a borrowed axe to get its balance, and taking chips out of a fence-post to even the spring of its handle.

I went over to him. "Hey Tiny! What are you up to?"

The way he looked, I thought he would swing the axe at me. His eyes were wild, and his big muscles were as tight as steel cables.

"I'm going to beat you! I'm going to show you up! I'm going to . . ."

"You're crazy! You got your money on me!"

"I'll lose it, won't I? But you'll lose yours! I'm a whippersnapper! You brought Vera into town? You put her on the board. That's why you wanted to win this shop — not me to help you, so you could . . ."

He'd have gone on like that, only we had to line up for the shop. Once the starting pistol cracked, I put on extra speed, swinging my axe faster than I had ever done before.

I was a couple of seconds ahead of my best time. I didn't know it, but I was out in front — when a big chip hit me.

It came from Tiny's leg, of course. The chip was like a slash. It cut me at my ear was cutting down, and my head was exposed. I hit me over the eye, and cut a path like a knife-wound.

I was almost out on my feet. Then my axe went down and sunk into the ground. I had a dazed understanding that I was through my leg while the others were still chopping.

and, next thing, Tiny came at me. He had thrown down his axe, but I was helpless. He could smash me to pulp. A couple of the boys grabbed him just at that time.

When my head cleared, he was cowering in a steady stream, and struggling like a mouse.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you, you rat! You'll never get Vera, your winnings won't help you any!"

I went over right close to him. "Listen, Tiny," I said. "I got Vera on the town all right, but if I hadn't, I'd. Redmond would have. You didn't know Bill used to come to the camp when we were in the scrub, did you? Vera couldn't stand being stuck in the scrub all the time. She was going away with Redmond because she reckoned she didn't get a decent, but I got her to leave that note I made a bet with her, to let you out. If you send that money, Tiny, she'll knock Redmond back. She'll have a holiday, and then come back. Send it, Tiny! For God's sake, send it!"

He wouldn't listen. He was sure Vera and I would be together, and he got so violent, the police had to lock him up.

I didn't see him again till he drove back to the camp a week later. He was looking sheepish and baffled as he pushed a letter at me.

It was from Vera. She was telling Tiny how she went off because she didn't think he cared, but now she knew. Fifty pounds would have been enough to give her the rest she needed. It would have satisfied her, but he had sent three hundred! She would rest for a month, and then come back.

I looked up into Tiny's pained face.

"I didn't send her any money," he said.

"No, I sent it, Tiny. I signed your name to the telegram, but she doesn't need to know that."

The ash of a Good Cigar



MARK HOLLAND • FICTION

that he was a born sentimentalist. He hesitated before he opened the door and looked with a mingled feeling of amusement and disgust at the notice. "HARRY DICKENSON JR.—PRIVATE ENQUIRY AGENT—SUCCESS ASSURED."

"Hell of an enquiry Agent you are, Harry!" he chuckled, then he entered.

One glance at Harry told him that the young enquiry agent's conscience was worrying him exceedingly. He was obviously drunk and stared at Jen with bleary eyes. There was despair written on his face. Without saying a word Jen removed a brandy bottle and a glass from Harry's desk.

"Oh . . . Harry" he said "the party is over!"

JIM WALDER was annoyed. For the second time in less than three months had he been summoned to Harry Dickson's office.

That afternoon Harry's secretary had given him a ring-pledging with him to come alone and "do something about Mr. Dickson."

Obviously Harry had fallen victim again to that redoubtable constance of his. "He hasn't been home for two days, Mr. Walder . . . he's drinking himself to death!"

He had been inclined to answer: "Not a bad idea! Let him!" but somehow he couldn't be too hard on poor old Harry. It wasn't Harry's fault

Jim Walder was one man who knew no jealousy; but the strange signs about him—too really,



He snatched with both hands at her throat . . . and pressed and pressed

Then he sat down waiting for Harry to begin his usual rambling rant. Impatiently he looked at his watch.

"Let's have it, Harry. But make it snappy. I haven't got much time!"

And Harry told his story — the solitary Jim Walder lured with all the lure a materialist can muster for slappy sentiment.

Making a mighty effort to collect his befuddled wits, Harry began: "I'm not cut out for this rotten

business, Jim . . . It's no use . . . It wasn't so bad when Dad was alive. He used to do all the dirty work . . . Now, I've got to do it!"

"Of course, you've got to do it. So what? It's your living, isn't it? . . . A damned good living at that!" Jim attempted trying hard to control his temper . . .

Harry continued: "And I tell you, Jim . . . it's a hard business. Especially when there are kids involved. Last Monday night, right in the

An Indian scientist was being shown through a large dairy bottling plant when a pipe sprang a leak and steam spouted in all directions. Immediately one workman calmly turned off the main valve, another mended the leak.

The Indian turned was dumbfounded. "Is any country everywhere would have run about shouting nobody would have thought of cutting off the main valve until everything had been covered with steam. They would have had a wonderful time and talked about it for the rest of the day."

He shook his head. "That's the reason you Americans have so many nervous breakdowns—you don't let yourselves go."

middle of a road, a youngster, a lovely little girl walks into the bedroom and flirts her arms round her father's neck and says "Don't you love mommy and me any more, Daddy?" — It breaks me up. I hate the whole world more . . . I make a living out of adultery . . . like an undertaker takes money out of death . . . He shakes . . . I'm through with it!"

Harry broke down and sobbed. "You talk through your neck," said Jim as he walked to the wash-basin. He produced Harry's shaving gear from a little well cupboard, then turned on the hot water in the basin. He drenched the drunken enquirer again in his feet and said "Come on . . . Pull yourself together. Shave and clean up. . . I'll send you home in a cab. . . I'll ring Mary. How long since you've been home?"

"Two days" said Harry as he began rasping himself.

Jim rang Harry's wife. . . "Don't worry Mary. Just another one of her emotional collapses. . . He'll get a bit of sense some day. I'll put him in a cab. He'll be home soon."

While Harry shaved Jim Walker talked. He gave his usual effusive views on love-marriage and matrimony. Marriage was a business. You

entered into a contract with a second party and you simply stuck to the terms of the contract. All this love business was a lot of rot. Thank God, he and Stella were different.

Instead of hiding round each other's necks and saying "I love you darling" they had come to an arrangement — a sensible arrangement. They had no married in a church or a registry office. To hell with all that ceremony! Their association was based on common sense and honesty. There was no room in their lives for silly religious superstitions, no room for God and that sloppy sentiment the world called love. They were mates. The arrangement had worked perfectly for two years. There was no reason why it shouldn't last a lifetime! If all people did as he and Stella had done there would be no need for private enquiry agents — no need for Divorce Courts and scandal sheets! It was all so simple!

If either of the partners discovered that a mistake had been made — if either of them wanted to terminate the arrangement then . . . it could be terminated with one word. Goodbye!

Goodbye! Easier than a divorce case — and cheaper. All that dirty linen they always tried to divorce even-it was simply the by-product

of bruised and injured ego. People pretending they were the only people in the world who could outlive another person, pretending they were made for each other . . . Made for each other! Harry sneered at the phrase. He remembered the number of women he had loved in his past. Perhaps in some moment of peak-up emotion he had been mad enough to think there would never be another woman like this. But it was only the insanity of emotion, and time had proved that there was another woman, then another one.

Still Looking back on the long procession of them, he could realize that there always was, and always would be, another woman, and she would be as nice — nicer — than the last. Or better, anyway, and a change of women was a good thing. Stella was still fresh.

Harry had nearly finished shaving. Suddenly a very unusual thought came into Jim's mind. He began to laugh softly. He said, "Harry, old boy, if I had been like your chaps I would have called in your professional and three weeks ago."

Harry was startled. For a moment he paused, then he turned around, error in hand, and asked, "Yes?" His tone was full of surprise. "You call me in? You can't do that. You haven't the right attitude."

"All the same, I surely did," Jim replied then.

"How come?" Harry asked.

"Well, Harry — had I been a physician, non-trusting love-sick fool I would have told you that three weeks ago I stumbled across some very suspicious circumstances in the Walker ménage."

From mere force of habit — professional habit — Harry couldn't refrain from showing immediate interest. He almost addressed Jim as if he were a prospective client. "What were the suspicious circumstances, Jim?" Don't tell me that Stella . . ."

"Don't be a fool . . . Harry. You know Stella — and you know me. I merely mention it as an illustration of how totally different we are."

"You haven't told me yet, Jim . . ."

"There's nothing much to it, Harry. Three weeks ago I came home rather late. Stella had gone to bed. As I walked into the lounge I noticed immediately that Stella had a visitor that night. Someone had been there who smoked cigars."

There was a cigar left in the ashtray and also a broken cigarette.

Streaks of smoke still drifted in the room! Now, if I had been a doctor and stupid I would have been suspicious — especially so as Stella wouldn't tell me who the visitor was. I asked her twice but she merely shrugged her shoulders and told me to mind my own business. It was an old friend of hers I didn't know and that was that! Furthermore, Harry, Stella has been going out at night lately! She won't tell me where she goes and she won't tell me whom she meets! If ever a man had cause to call in the end of an enquiry agent — don't you think I have?"

"Why not go with her, when she goes out?" suggested Harry.

"She flatly refuses my company!"

Harry looked very worried when he said, "You want about, Jim that her conduct is very strange to say the least. My services have been sought for far less suspicious circumstances."

"By facts . . . yes . . . Harry! That's exactly what I'm driving at. I trust Stella implicitly! If she wants to meet someone, if she wants to go out without me that's her business entirely."

We know where we stand . . . If Stella is fed up with our arrangement she'll tell me. She won't be unfaithful behind my back. . . She couldn't love a lie! Further could I?"

NICELY NORMAL MOST OF THE TIME

High school education
University degree,
Normal occupation
Sport on Saturday
Annual vacation
(Three weeks by the sea)
And lay the blame on Cupid
For simple biology.

—Quirist.

The self satisfied smirk took on Jim's face as he looked at Harry.
He could see Jim. "I wish to God I could be like that," he said. "It's not natural!"

The considerably sobered Harry and Jim went out of the office. After telling Harry to go straight home and "to have some sense, for God's sake!" Jim boarded a train for home.

During that week-end Jim Walker made his startling discovery.

He still heard Harry's words: "My services have been sought for the last emergency circumstances." Could it be that Stella . . . Impossible! His nerves had been on edge for three weeks now . . . He couldn't concentrate at the office . . . It was true — there was no sense in denying it any longer . . . he was indeed severely jealous. How was he to know that tonight while he was listening that sentimental drunken fool as common sense, Stella hadn't met her lover again? Of course it was a lover . . . What else could it be? What was the use of fruitlessly clinging to his old policy of common

sense, when his very soul was crying away by jealousy? Again he looked at his watch. He cursed the train for being slow . . . He then surveyed the clock and his eyes rested for a moment on a religious poster in the train.

"God . . . Love," he murmured.
How often had Stella and he laughed at the foolish words. They were different . . .

Were they? What had Stella been doing tonight?

He would soon find out. He stretched . . .

He ran up the stairs to his flat . . . His hand shook as he inserted the key in the lock. He opened the door . . . and then . . . he stood still.
There it was again . . . a cigarette that curled upwards . . . that advertised an experience make . . . Undoubtedly the fellow had money . . . A bookmaker? A big businessman?

He sat down and lit a cigarette, it didn't smoke the heavy stinking smell of super-nicotine, and it didn't satisfy him, though he dragged on it deeply. He set telling himself that some of the railroad, that it was one more woman getting ready to move out, one more episode coming to a close.

He reached out the cigarette into an ashtray. "Thank God it will be a clean analysis and not a dirty divorce," he told himself. Then he went into the bedroom.

Stella was asleep but not asleep. She stirred and threw an arm back over her head and half opened her eyes. The light of her terrified face.

"Stella kid," he said quietly.

"Stella, Jimmie?" The voice was soft and sleepy.

"Your visitor called again, eh?" He forced the words into his voice.

"Uh-huh," she murmured. "Coming to bed now."

"Yeah." He slowly started to nod. He prolonged the process, she closed her eyes and curled up under

the sheets. He placed each garment he took off with care — with more care than he usually showed. Presently there was nothing more to do. He was standing there in his pyjamas. He lay down beside her. Gently he placed his hand on her shoulder. He liked the silky softness of her pyjamas coat. Slowly and regularly his hand rose with her breathing . . . and then he almost lost all self control . . . He shook her . . .

"Stella . . . who was your visitor?"

The reply was as could be expected. It was a reply according to the rules . . . "I told you before, Jim. You don't know him. He's an old friend of mine . . . Surely . . . you're not . . ."

The word wasn't spoken but Jim knew it.

"Don't be stupid," he muttered.

"Goodnight!"
He couldn't go to sleep. He continued to himself that he was desperately in love with the woman . . . If only he could put the clock back a few years and approach her as a normal human . . . tell her how much he loved her. It was too late. She'd only laugh at him now. He had made her as the worst. He couldn't risk being late by the morning. He had hated into that beautiful life for so long!

For three weeks he had fought against jealousy. At last his defenses had crumbled. He was drowning in hopeless jealousy.

He fought hard against his pride. He would tell her . . . Now! Again he shook her gently . . . "Stella . . . Stella . . . darling."

Slowly she opened her eyes . . . "Please Jim . . . I'm sleepy."

She turned away from him and even as he heard her laugh softly . . . I really thank you as jealous, Jerry."

Now he was sure . . . at last! There was another man. The arrangement had come to an end . . . To-

mon-ey she would tell him . . . just as they had agreed two years ago . . . "You go your way . . . and I go mine! Thanks for the money . . ."

A strange feeling of hushiness came in his brain . . . his eyes were burning. He pressed his hand against his forehead . . . his fingers appeared hard in an endeavor to drive out that strange, unpleasant in his hand that strange, unpleasant in his hand.

He had an almost uncontrollable urge to cry now. That wouldn't do either! Mr. Jim Walker, cry!

What could he do? Nothing he did would alter the fact that by morning she would go her way and he his. The word would be lonely without her . . . unbearably lonely! It was the end.

He placed both hands on her shoulders . . . gently massaged them . . . higher and higher . . . ever so slowly. All thoughts and reason left him. His fingers closed round her throat with machine driven pressure and strength.

Harry waited him in the condemned cell. Good old Harry . . . the sentimental who believed in love and marriage and went to church every Sunday. Good old Harry who got drunk when he tried to escape from the horrible snare his legitimate business placed on him.

"I came to say goodbye . . . Jim and thank you for all the things you've done for me."

That was a laugh. All the things he had done for Harry! All he had done was try to poison Harry's mind against all that was natural and decent in life. He owed Harry and society.

"Harry I take back everything I ever said to you. Give my love to Mary and the kids . . . You're a lucky fellow Harry."

He shook hands . . . "Now go home and stay Harry!"

There would be no more visitors, of that he was sure.

He hadn't had many friends. Some-

how he had lived like a self appointed King in a world of infernal slaves.

His main concern now was to leave this world like a man. At least, pretend to be indifferent.

The colorless letter of his unfaithful ex facto wife.

He would never break down. That satisfaction the world would never have.

Again his cell door opened. . . It was a priest who came to talk to him.

How was his chance to establish his reputation of materialist and atheist once and for all.

"Go away . . ." he said. . . "I don't want a priest and I don't need one. I forget about religion fifteen years ago . . . ever since I was able to think for myself."

The priest was not surprised at the words. He nodded to show that he understood. "My name is O'Brien," he said. "I am not here to talk religion, my son, not unless you want to. . . ." He hesitated a moment and continued.

"I don't want to talk religion."

The priest's voice was friendly and reasonable. Reasonable enough to force Jim to realize if Jim had to be so easy and confident as this priest he couldn't let the priest go away saying that he was a typically disturbed condemned man. . . waiting and fretting and thinking. Thinking.

"There are many men who don't want religion these days," the priest said, "not even when they are near death. But a friend is sometimes useful. Can I do any good for you?"

Jim stifled his surprise. "I don't think so, thank you," he said. "I did — everything."

They chatted for a while. Jim began to wish the priest would go. The priest continued to make easy conversation.

"You haven't many days left," the priest said at last.

"If you think of anything and you need a friend . . ."

Something in Jim wanted to con-

vert the priest. "Everybody didn't desert me," he said, "I have a friend who was here to see me only a while ago."

"A true friend," the priest said, "who — doesn't let this make — any difference."

"That's it," Jim said. "A true friend. That's the definition I respect. He isn't a sentimental. He's a practical man. You know," he added, looking at the priest with interest, "I'm like that. I'm not an emotional man. I'm practical — reasonable." He realized his tongue was starting to wag too much, he didn't stop it. He liked to talk now, he liked to show the priest how he was a reasonable man, unswayed by the working faith, his own master of his own destiny.

"If you are a reasonable man," the priest said, "you may not mind telling me something which has concerned my word a good deal. Why did you kill your lovely wife?"

"Does it interest you to know?"

Jim asked, keeping the conversation on a careful level.

"It does, very much," the priest said. "Only last week she told me, one evening when she came to church, how much she loved you, and how afraid she was of telling you about her love. She said you might laugh at the end that."

Jim Walker stood himself against the bars of the cell door. His hands clenched.

"You mean — you know my wife?" he asked, a jerk in his voice.

"I knew her quite well," the priest replied. "I visited her on several occasions. Would you like to smoke a cigar while you sit down and tell me about it?"

He produced two cigars with their familiar brands from his pocket as he spoke, but Jim Walker didn't want to smoke, didn't want to talk. The world was going every round him, and the friendly priest was standing quietly by.



FACTS OF LIFE

Clinical Data by Gibson



Comes the time in the life of every married man when junior asks that age old question: "Where do babies come from?"

If you are a little old-fashioned you can try the old routine of finding it under the rose bush or if you are a vegetable grower, found under the cabbage plant will do as well!



With junior's loud hails of denials still ringing in your ears you can go into the more intricate details of this fascinating subject with the aid of some flowers and a box you have no idea how intimate this can be.

By this time you begin to realize that junior will not be fobbed off with dilly-dallying emotions you discover that he has been making some first-hand observations with the help of the household cat.



For the more delicate aesthetic angles, a trip to the art gallery can be of great assistance or then again ... can it?

Nevertheless, when all the notions of lectures are forgotten and all the books of advice have crumbled to dust the juniors of this world will still go on discovering the facts in their own way ... even to you and I.



STRANGER and Stranger



SPIDERS, as it happens, have blood in their veins, too, and therefore have blood pressure. Measured by Dr. H. Hörmann at the University of Göttingen, Germany, the blood pressure of spiders proves to be about the same as that of human beings. Important difference — in spiders high blood pressure is nothing to worry about.

PILL-FORM food for soldiers isn't apparently as new as you'd think. Phileas of Hyemetium, 150 B.C., developed a pill to keep Greek soldiers going in the course of battle. About the size of an olive it contained scum, opium poppy, honey and squid. Phileas' claim: "Two a day prevent serious suffering from overt all-food."

SWAILS more than seven inches long, originating in Africa, are well established on Pacific Islands where the Japanese took them before World War II, and there (a) is shipped up fern for chickens, (b) is cooked for their own consumption. Experience of aviculturists who watch: "They ate them all right, but with very favor."

IN Moscow during the war Germans built a ten-foot-thick concrete walled shelter for U-Boats. The shelter is now being used as a stor-

age for the truck walls have been pierced and windows fitted in.

REST part of 16 years ago Harold Lloyd made pictures faster enough to be revived today. His leg hurt so being fitted with new seated tracks for release in 1939.

AT Tugate in Northern Italy, they plan to elect a mayor. Three times the election has been planned, three times postponed. Reason: They can't find candidates for clerics!

FISH that climb trees are found in the ponds, lakes, ditches and creeks of South-East Asia and Africa. Scientifically known as "Anabas" (from the Greek word meaning "to go up") they are equipped with leathery appendages necessary to gills which enable them to live out of water for long periods. About five or six inches long, the fish jerk themselves along on head by means of their tails, gills, fins and spines. They travel peacefully at night.

A BABY born at Knoxville (Tennessee) was reported to have a tail seven inches long. This is no record. This child is a twelve-year-old boy in French Indo-China who had a tail nine inches long. At present 25 authentic records of human beings with tails have been listed.

printers to BETTER HEALTH



FROST-BITE . . .

Scars and snow-burns this winter may arise this hot tip from Yale University don't rub snow on frost-bite, which practice is most likely to induce them. The researchers found that the use of cold was definitely harmful, the application of continued mild heat was of little value, but the use of rapid warming helped the condition.

KNOCK KNEES . . .

Recent research indicates that the harmfulness of knock knees has probably been exaggerated by publicity. There is no doubt that many children need no treatment at all, though their parents may seek to have them treated. Many children will recover from knock knees spontaneously, especially age. There are some cases which demand treatment where the weakness is due to physical degeneration; but most cases are not of this kind. The proper person to say whether or not radical treatment is necessary is a doctor — but don't be surprised if he says it is not necessary.

ULCERS . . .

If gastric ulcers catch up with you it will be as you advance in years. A recent survey of 33 Australian men showed that between

20 and 30 there was one patient; between 30 and 40 there were two; between 40 and 50 there were 15; between 50 and 60 14; between 60 and 70 seven only eight.

TB RESISTS . . .

Experiments in the U.S.A. have shown why streptomycin does not show good results in the treatment of tuberculosis of the lung. The streptomycin will destroy the germs if it can get at them, reports state, but the system protects the germs and the drug is unable to penetrate it to do its germ-destroying healing work. Great advances in the understanding and treatment of tuberculosis are being made, but overoptimism in the cure of the common and deadliest forms is not yet justified, researchers warn.

HAY FEVER . . .

Common, distressing, but not unduly harmful, "hay fever" has given people a lot of worry, and quick "cures" have been many. Latest researches suggest that its origin is emotional, and that the main cause is worry (possibly not in all cases may simply be subconscious).

"Allergies such as asthma may represent attempts to gain sympathy, or express hostility and make a feeling of guilt and anxiety," the report says.



WILLIAM J. MACKAY

KEEP COOL

AND COLLECT EVIDENCE

When, sooner or later, you are asked to give your version of what happened, will you be a good witness?

[I was talking hard enough to drown me to the skin when a neighbor asked me if I'd ever had to town with him in his car.

We were doing fine when we came into the city, and when two lines of thick traffic fused into one, my friend put his hands on, the tires slid forward on the smooth road, and he banged lightly against the car in front.

Fenders knuckled, nothing more. The driver of the front car jerked on his head brake and came out into the rain, gaze flaring. My friend sat still. The driver came

down and leaned on the window of my friend's car, and asked him a lot of plain and fancy questions.

Care blocked by the segment began looking, and the driver of the front car, angered, became red in the face and started to shout.

He turned to me. "You're a witness," he said. I took my cue, from my friend, and said nothing.

My friend said, "Look, I want to get along. My name is Ted Jones. I'm insured with Ace Insurance company, and my car is 98-800."

"I'll teach you whom you get off, you stunk-up pig!" snarled the other

driver. He got back in his car. He was wet, his blood pressure was up, every motorist in two streets was staring him. He hadn't checked to see what damage, if any, had been done, and he hadn't written down the details my friend gave him.

He wouldn't get much out of that, even if there was damage.

I reminded that if ever I was in trouble, I'd hate that man to be my witness.

What he did is done every day. He got emotional, and forgot the evidence. How do you yourself stick up as an evidence-collector when you're involved in some trouble?

Maybe it's a robbery in your home. Maybe it's an accident in the street. Maybe somebody swears you or tries to pick your pocket.

A policeman friend to whom I brought the subject told me a woman came running to him waving her handkerchief. "Why wasn't he keeping his eyes open? Right over there, nearly opposite him, a man tried to snatch her bag. He hadn't got away with it, but look — the strap had been broken in the handle."

"What was he dressed in?" my policeman asked.

"Look, I'm not interested in clothes, I just want you to catch a burglar!" she said.

She didn't realize that in a street of people the best identification is what clothes the man was wearing and, tell men of short man; next, this man, his eyes, shoulders? bearded? mustached? wearing glasses?

This woman, caught on the hop, had no pretense of mind to stop and take one quick observation of how her assailant was dressed.

An insurance adjuster told me a man came home from a show and found lights on in his house. As he entered the front door the back door slammed. He heard running footsteps. He found his bedstead in

a turbulent mass. He telephoned the police.

While waiting for the police he saw cigar-ash on his lounge-room carpet and, annoyed at seeing it on the carpet, brushed it away.

Later police told him he'd half spoiled his case by destroying a valuable clue, for the number of housebreakers who leave cigar ash behind are few.

The kind of error the ash came from could have helped, too.

Most of the people who criticize the police would themselves make poor detectives. Could they tell you the exact time an accident occurred? The make or color of a car as well as the number plate it carried? If not, they'd be tried the moment a phony number plate was used. Would they run down the street hopelessly chasing a hit-run car, or quickly look around for other witnesses? Another way of asking, "How's your presence of mind?"

You realize that the winning or losing of a case depends on reliable witnesses. Then take in these points on collecting evidence, so that when your random chance comes you'll be able to help the law help you. It might pay you well.

- * Note the time of the occurrence.
- * Look immediately for any other witnesses.
- * Describe reasonably fully (as in the case above) the people or, vehicles concerned.
- * Get an accurate idea of the damage done — don't be an alarmist.
- * Look for anything left behind—anything dropped by a person or broken off a vehicle.
- * Immediately contact the police. Give them facts, not your theories of the facts.
- * At the earliest moment make a note of your evidence. Your memory may play tricks

* Keep your head Keep cool.

I stood on a jury a year ago, when a witness stated positively what happened. When asked where he was at the time, he estimated the distance he was away, and also said he was beside a certain post. The post was twice the distance away he had estimated, then such a distance, they said, the defending lawyer said, he could not have a clear view. Was he positive of his confidence. He went over it, adding the words, "I think," in one case he said, "Obviously, so-and-so."

His uncertainty lost the case.

Afterwards the man who lost the case said, "There were other people there who could have come as witnesses but this chap seemed to be all I needed."

The witness had not only let down the plaintiff—he had been made publicly to look a fool. There's a warning somewhere in that.

Where a hit-and-run driver is concerned, any piece of evidence may be useful. I remember a case where a car knocked a man down, crossed across the road, stopped a post, and then righted itself and disappeared from sight.

Naturally the witnesses were most concerned about the man who had been knocked down. When a policeman arrived four or five of them all tried telling at once, and had to be put in order. The first three told identical stories. The fourth man said, "I have nothing to add to that except that as the car hurried away it hit that post."

Other witnesses immediately said "No it didn't." But the policeman went up and inspected the post and saw a deep secret mark on the green paint.

The car was traced. The owner was in a bed and had lent it to a neighbor. The neighbor drained the

accident. But the green paint streak along the mudguard, when all the post, alerted the thief home. Then the driver admitted he'd lost his head because he was driving someone else's car. But the case hinged on the observant witness.

The law is curiously exact. It has to be. A wronged man may lose a case because his description of the wrong he suffered is incorrect. The case of the man who alleged that he was assaulted. Certainly he had been stopped and insulted, but the man who stopped him didn't lay hands on him. When assault was alleged the guilty man didn't say a thing he let it go to court. It could be admitted all that went on—but denied he had laid hands on the man. He might have been found guilty of insulting words, indecent language, or other charges but assault? No. So he was let go free, because the only thing the law was concerned with was, did an assault take place?

The usual procedure is to charge a man with several things ("on several counts") so that if he does not plead guilty to one, he may to another.

And because the law is so exact, witnesses must also be exact. It is the duty of trained police and detectives to take the facts, examine those facts and see what story the facts have to tell. If they get facts, and only facts they can do the work they're insured to do. But if they get theories from all and sundry, they don't know what to accept and what to reject.

Not many people are concerned with how good they would be as witnesses on behalf of someone else, but everybody is concerned with having a worse released if it applies to himself.

And it is for self-protection that every man should have an idea of how to be a good witness. Not that I want to be a postman, but sometimes or often something happens to every man; and when it does he wants to get out of it as soon as he doesn't want to lose his chance because he lost his head, and in the best of the moment let valuable evidence slip through his fingers. Even insurance companies like to know what happened when they are asked to answer a claim. And there is some-

thing in human nature that makes a man regarded with suspicion if—for any reason at all—he cannot tell a straight story.

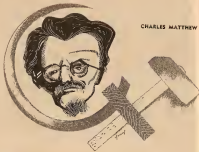
Evidence at every inquest—at every inquiry into an accident—will show you how witnesses can vary, how they can contradict one another, how they can imagine they saw things that were never there to see.

So keep cool and collect the evidence for your own sake. Getting steamed up doesn't help any time.

THE SECOND GRAVE

By CLYDE WILLIAMS





who killed Leon Trotsky?

The manner of violence met a violent death: who arranged his murder may never be known—the killer, when caught, wouldn't talk.

NOT since the days of the Min in The Wolf Man has the identity of any prisoner seemed so much uncertain as the mysterious murderer now behind the walls of a Mexican prison.

The judge who sentenced him in April 16, 1933, Bruno Vasquez, stated his origin could not be established, so under the fictitious name of Frank Jackson he was given 30 years for premeditated murder.

He claims to be Belgian, but after severe cross-examination, his story broke down. Who ever he is, he has

never yet betrayed those who sent him on his mission to kill the man Joseph Stalin hated most — Leon Trotsky.

After his banishment from Russia, Trotsky had been driven from France, Turkey and Norway, until at last he found refuge in Mexico.

In the suburb of Coyohacan, near Mexico City, Trotsky bought a villa and with his wife, settled down to writing to the newspapers and magazines of the world, denouncing Stalin and all his works.

The despots of the Kremlin began

to fear this master of prose and many attempts were made to expel him from America.

But Trotsky held fast and continued his attacks against Stalin. How the fall blow of Soviet indignity was heaped against him. He had his own personal bodyguards and all strangers who came near his house were carefully screened.

In 1937 Trotsky engaged as private secretary, a young lady named Aglaia. One of her sisters, Sylvia, was employed by the New York City Board of Education as a clinical psychologist. Both girls had many friends in the Trotskyist groups in the United States and as soon as Miss Aglaia became secretary to Leon Trotsky, all her connections were carefully watched by Soviet agents.

The Russian Intelligence Service, next to the British, is the best in the world. Decades of intrigue against Soviet tyranny has trained them with a special flair for this type of work. It has plenty of recruits in every quarter of the globe. It has unlimited funds and complete moral support from the Soviet government.

Therefore, when Sylvia Aglaia resigned from her job in New York and went to Paris to study, her movements were closely watched. She had not been in Paris for many days before she met Jacques Mornard, a tall, dark, bespectacled young man who said he was studying journalism. Mornard was a good spender, he knew the right people and certainly impressed Sylvia Aglaia with the legend that he was a Belgian of aristocratic lineage.

Never once during their time together in Paris did Mornard mention politics. When Sylvia mentioned that her sister was Trotsky's secretary in Mexico, he was only politely interested.

A few weeks later Jacques Mornard went to Brussels and later to

London, where he said he had been sent by a Belgian newspaper. Sylvia, who had trusted him, believed every word.

Early in 1939 Mornard announced he had been appointed American correspondent for the newspaper which had recently sent him to England. It may have been a coincidence that this appointment came when Sylvia was returning to New York, but Mornard explained it would be sometime before he would be able to join her.

As the months slipped by Sylvia, tired of waiting, had obtained a post with the department of Welfare in Brooklyn. Mornard eventually arrived in September carrying a passport under the name of "Frank Jackson."

His story was plausible enough when he explained Europe was in turmoil and in order to accept military service in Belgium, he was forced to buy a faked passport and adopt another name.

But what was perhaps a little more difficult to get away with, was that he had given up journalism and had become partner in a firm of importers in Mexico. Though Sylvia was upset at the prospects of another separation she still had unbounded faith in Jacques Mornard—also Frank Jackson.

Soon after his arrival in New York he left for Mexico City and in January 1939 Sylvia managed to obtain leave and joined him for a few months. When she returned to New York in March, Frank Jackson had many friends in Mexico City. Trotsky regarded him as an admiring disciple; the bodyguards let him through the gates of the Villa without question.

In the early hours of the morning of May 16, a group of 15 men wearing uniforms of the Mexican Police tied up the garage surrounding Trotsky's villa and sent a stream of bullets from sub-machine guns through the windows of the room

where Trotsky was lying asleep.

To a man like Trotsky this attempt was just another accident. He and his family automatically threw themselves on the floor as the bullets ripped the mattresses of their beds and splattered against the walls.

When the attackers left the premises in their high-powered cars they took with them Robert Shidlovskii, one of Trotsky's bodyguards. Weeks later his body was found in a pot covered with quicklime.

The attack caused as outcry in America, but the identity of the bandits was never discovered. Trotsky was taking no more chances. Under the supervision of a military engineer the villa was immediately fortified. Fifteen foot battlements were constructed with observation towers, gun emplacements, machine guns, and mines electrically controlled from the towers.

In August Sykes returned to Mexico City and with Jackson, spent considerable time at Trotsky's home.

During the evenings they discussed the fast-moving events in Europe and at Trotsky's suggestion Jackson promised to write an article suitable for a new line of propaganda.

At 5:30 on August 28, 1940, Jackson arrived at the villa wearing a hat and carrying a rain coat over his arm. The maid on the gate, Harold Rokke, took him to Trotsky, who was at the back of the house. A few minutes later the two men entered Trotsky's office and closed the door. Trotsky was pleased the article was already written.

Jackson removed his hat but still carried his umbrella across his arm. As Trotsky sat down and spread the manuscript on his desk, Jackson stood behind the chair. From under his rain coat he drew an ice-pack and drove it into the back of Trotsky's skull.

It tore through Trotsky's head but the blow was too light. Trotsky did

not slump in his chair, he jumped up and grappled with Jackson. Mrs. Trotsky, who was in the next room, and some workmen on the roof heard a muffled scream. As they rushed to the study, Trotsky with blood streaming down his face staggered through the door and collapsed.

Two of the guards closed in on Jackson and disarmed him.

Before he lost consciousness Trotsky faintly called "Don't kill him. This man has a story to tell." At six o'clock on the following afternoon Trotsky was dead.

When the police arrived they found the study a shambles. Blood-splattered walls, wrecked furniture, and scattered papers proved Trotsky was still a fighter.

Besides the ice-pack Jackson carried a revolver and a dagger. He made several confessions such were contradictory to the last. But he never squealed.

While sweating his trial he was supplied with every luxury. He had unlimited cash and only his lawyers knew its source. When he appeared before the Mexican Sixth Penal Court in 1940 Jackson's counsel, Octavio Medellin, argued that his client was not a secret agent of the Soviet Government. He declared that several witnesses would help deny the charge, but they never appeared.

Juan Rivera Vazquez, an attorney, declared: "Marxist's attitude, from the time he undertook this trip to Mexico until he succumbed in establishing contact with Trotsky and afterwards, is one of innocence and artifice. The Court must declare that the trip of Frank Jackson or Jacques Monard to Mexico was undertaken with the sole object of killing Trotsky."

His mission was a success. Those who contrived his first meeting with Sykes Appleoff at Paris should be proud of their pupil. But the question still remains: Who is this man?



"Certainly I know he's a confirmed kachike—for the one who confessed him."



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 82)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHAW, A.R.C.S.



An Unusual

Small House

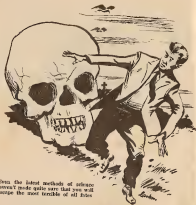
Once again CAVALCADE suggests a plan that is away from the ordinary. And, in a small two-bedroom house, the perspective sketch shows a certain treatment which type designers applied to the biggest variety of room layouts. However, this plan could very easily be adapted to a much more modern interpretation.

The projecting wing adds character to the house and also provides a sheltered court which should prove very convenient for outdoor

living. In addition to this, there is a terrace at the rear of the house, so that a sheltered area would be available no matter from which direction the wind is blowing.

Each of the two bedrooms have a large built-in wardrobe and there is ample cupboard space throughout the house.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house, including the garage, is 25 ft. and the area of the house is 1,375 sq. ft.



Even the latest methods of science haven't made quite sure that you will escape the most terrible of all fates

will you be **BURIED ALIVE?**

THE small daughter of Henry Leezma, Vice President of South Carolina and later, as U.S. President of the First Continental Congress, had been stricken with smallpox. The attending physicians, after an all night vigil, sadly shook her head, then slowly drew the bedclothes over the wee little face. When the fatal shock had sub-

sided, the sorrowing parents began making plans for the child's burial. The little body was moved from the bed and temporarily placed on a cot near an open window.

A few hours later a household slave, hysterical with excitement and fright, rushed to Leezma in another part of the spacious Charleston mansion and announced that the

dead child had already become a "specter" and was sitting up and talking. Leezma rushed into the death chamber where he found the child sitting steadily and playing with her favorite doll in the midst of apoplexy.

As Leezma gazed the child to his breast, his mind was haunted by a terrifying thought—a thought that consumed with him all his life—and which soon led to its effect upon American monetary history.

"My child," the American patriot told his friends, "sorrowfully escaped being placed in a coffin and buried alive. She came to life in time and for that God be thanked. Who knows, however, how many others may have returned to life too late."

His daughter recovered completely from her illness and grew to full womanhood, becoming the wife of the American historian, David Ramsey.

Her father never got over his own fears of being buried alive. When he died in 1772, his will contained the request that his body be cremated on his death. He was the first known American to make this promise which was unusual and almost heretic for his times. This ancient, universal custom of burial of Indians, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and other Aryan people had always been opposed in America because of religious reasons. Clashing with the belief in the resurrection of the deceased, for numerous decades it failed to find favour with the people.

The fear of being mistakenly thought dead and buried alive is not at all uncommon. Numerous by legend and a few very few—dismal—marred cases—the fear of a possible premature interment has been prevalent throughout recorded history and still lingers today.

One of the classical recorded incidents has well survived through the years to bolster up the fears of the more-than-careful. They like to re-

mind their friends of Francesco Crivile. This 18th Century Calvinist crusader and adventurer was patrolling a high fortress wall when Roman was beleaguered. He was hit by a large stone, fell down into the cobbled street, a good 20 feet, and landed straight on his head. He was believed dead and was buried.

A servant, however, had indiscreetly confided in his master's will of survival. He searched for him during the night. The "dead" soldier was carried into a hospital. There was no hope for him, whatsoever, the medics said. He was dead.

The faithful soldier disobeyed the order to leave his master buried again. He brought the body to an inn, hid it in an attic and—helped. On the 8th day, returning from an errand, he found his master in the pub downstairs, partaking of a hearty meal and exhibiting a good amount of wine.

Twenty years later Francesco had become a respected burgher of Rome. When he was 40 years old he had a heart attack, and the physicians were certain that he had passed away. Suitable ceremonies were held for the "dead" man and the relatives were quite ready to divide the inheritance. On the day of the funeral the coffin was found empty. Francesco had gone for a stroll to his favourite inn. It was five years later when death finally and irrevocably caught up with Francesco.

Only recently when the will of a second-hand furniture dealer in Pennsylvania was read astonished heirs learned that the deceased had insisted that a live telephone be placed in the coffin with him "in the event that I should return to life and wish to confer counsel with a person or persons then living."

A wealthy Southwestern businessman had been fearful of his life of having an accident or an epileptic fit which would result in a coma, the

profound inseparability connected with sleep.

While still in the grasp of life, he built a monument on his estate, not 200 yards from his house. His will directed that under no circumstances should he be buried but that his body be placed in a casket with locks opening from the inside and the casket deposited in the mausoleum. A coffin to the wall stipulated that the door to his burial place must also open from the inside and be kept well oiled.

That such fears are not so rare as it is generally believed, is common knowledge to morticians and laymen. Ethical considerations, however, preclude disclosure of such information and families are, naturally, reluctant to discuss such idiosyncrasies of their deceased. In some cases, however, people have been so obsessed with the fear of being buried alive that they made no bones about the matter during their lifetimes. These very sensitive persons have taken strange preventive measures and ordered their physicians and families to be very sure that they were stone-dead before they were put into a grave.

Baron von Pöschke, for instance, a high Prussian officer who later fought under George Washington, asked his counsels to burn his bones with a hot iron if he should be killed during the war.

Fredere Chopin, the great Polish pianist and composer, avoided by assassination during his last sensitive years, dreamed the matter endlessly and seriously. He believed as one hypnotized to legends of exorcisms of bodies strongly centered in the quaking effort to extricate themselves from the grave. He asked his friends to furnish him positively that he might be buried alive and in his last will and testament he requested that his heart be punctured before he was placed in the ground.

So, too, did the famous Venetian humorist and actor Nestoy. His relatives and friends thought he was joking when he talked about all the precautions he wanted them to take at his death. But he was in dead earnest. He had demanded that as an additional safety measure his popular name should be put "Unfortunately," he declared, "the state of medicine in such nowadays that after the doctors have cured you to death the state don't even know if you are dead or not."

It is not known whether in his case the request was granted. In the case of a Georgian gentleman, James Mason, however, it was. He was so afraid of being dead-alive that his physicians had to give his oath that everything possible would be done to forestall any danger. He kept his promise when his patient died in 1890. To the amazement of the funeral participants, he made a series of vibrant experiments before he permitted the casket to be lowered. The African country where Mason was buried since then has had its full share of supernatural tales and stories of roaming phantoms. Old timers still relate, too, that at one time or another they have heard manifestations of life in that part of the burial ground where Confederate soldiers rest.

Although there are not a lot of documented cases of posthumous burial, there are other evidences that the catastrophe has occurred more often than one may think. The demitising of a cemetery is not an every day occurrence, but it has often been attended by grim evidence of a past mistake. Not once, but many times and almost everywhere in the world, the opening of a large number of graves has shown the male testimony of a grotesquely twisted corpse which appears to have undergone a grim struggle in its coffin.

Such a discovery evokes the ques-

tion of somebody awakening after burial and undergoing a frantic struggle within the confines of the coffin before finally being overcome by suffocation.

Some old calculations showed that where such an event occurred it would be of short duration, since the quantity of air in the coffin would not be exhausted. This, however, would indeed be of little comfort to anybody facing the prospect of such an ordeal.

Most known cases of after-burial struggles have occurred where old graves have been opened. After all, a hundred years ago the means of distinguishing between death and a cataleptic trance were not nearly so scientific and positive as they were today.

Today in civilized countries there is little or no foundation for anyone's belief that an error will put him six feet below before his time. Death must be certified by a qualified physician and while a layman may occasionally be fooled by a case at once, a coroner will not let him generally determine death by the following infallible: absence of heart pulsation and respiratory movement, pressure on the veins, muscular irritability, coagulation of blood in the veins, rigid muscles and decomposition.

In any event, once death has been certified, the operation of embalming the corpse precludes any possibility of one's being buried alive in any country where modern burial laws prevail.

The facts entertained today might easily be called groundless, they are repeated and perpetuated by people who, whatever their qualifications in other ways, are ill-informed about burial.

Long governing the certification of death were first introduced by the Archduchess Marie Theresa of

Austria near the end of the 18th century. Himself possessed with the fear of untimely retirement, she saw to it that such decrees were made law. After his own death the orders were copied from the Austrian statutes and incorporated into the Napoleonic code and later into the laws of almost all civilized countries, but not, as would at it seem, into those of England. There the fear of being dead while alive thus became so pronounced among the superstitious and superstitious that an "Association for the Prevention of Corps" could find a considerable membership.





When ducks get stuck they say, "Boy, am I perished!" • You can ski in Greenland if you take your own snow • Live porcupines are being rented out to stick alone on and move around the room to serve people at cocktail parties • A new mystery story is on the market which shows the reader at the beginning and solves the mystery for the hints • They've invented an alarm clock with half a bell for waking up only one person at a time • A rich horse has bought a suit to ride in on the North Coast • Gentlemen before Monday • Germany - December, January, February - Days about as miserable as you can get • It isn't true that hens in poultry farming areas of South Australia are asking for offers • In Hoboken, New Jersey, a man has patented a method of making snow' out of old milk panes • Who wants to cure housewifery's knee? If it's that kind of knee you shouldn't have her for a housewife • Definition "Blondie" - your own ideas of what "dang" ought to be" • An analysis of the motor industry shows that mechanics take too much time tinkering with motors in the motors • Trouble with most newspapers is that by the time you've bought them to read they've fed a husband • A Hollywood director discovering an aspiring actor and "See," the trouble with film is that one day you're making love to Linda Darnell or Betty Grable as Lady Lemmer - next day you're a harem, What's the future? - "It's a wonderful past to look forward to," the spring song and • We have read that page are likely to be dangerous at the beginning of the season - also at the end of the season • The war between the movie customers mainly because there's so much fraternizing with the enemy • Love-making hasn't changed much in 2,000 years Greek maidens used to get all evening and later in a live, too • It's not so difficult to meet someone these days, you meet more of them every time you turn round • To ask a man to marry you on the ground that it will safeguard and conduct him in later years, is like asking him to cut his throat on the ground that he may be down with Bright's disease in 1990 • And that's all

- Most publications have a column now, CAVALCADE, giving nothing proudly over its readers double measure.

FLASH CAIN

DR. DEATH

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL BELTON

SCRIPT BY
RAY HEATH

RELAYED FROM HIS WORK
HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND
ONE FLASH CAIN PLANNING A
SCHEME OF DEATH WITH
VIOLENCE TO CLASH.



CLASHING YOUNG SUCCESS
BUT WEALTHY IS A
COMING MAN IN THE
MEDICAL PROFESSION



ABOUT TO BE MARRIED CLAPHAM HAS HEAVILY INSURED HIS LIFE. TOLD HIS FRIENDS AND CAN GET, AND THE GAME IS THE RESULT IS.



NANCY DETERMINE PUNISH HIM FOR HIS LIFE INSURANCE AS CAN GRADUATED CLAPHAM YOU YOU LUCKY GUY, YOU



FLASH CAN END ANOTHER DAY IN THE BUSY OF SPIRITS

I'M READY FOR ANOTHER MURDER NOW ..



I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO NANCY NOW, CAN...



CAN SEE THAT THE KITTEN HAS CLAWS.....

JACK IS VERY RUDE TO LEAVE US TO TALK TO THAT GIRL -- WHOEVER SHE IS



LATE THAT NIGHT, AFTER A DINNER ONCE, CAN FALL ASLEEP READING.



THE TELEPHONE DISTURBS HIM AND AS HE LISTENS HE WAKES UP QUICKLY



WHY SHOULD HE, AT THIS HOUR



HE CAN I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO WORRY YOU I'M WORRIED ABOUT JACK CLAPHAM HE DOESN'T ANSWER HIS TELEPHONE



HE -- HE ASKED ME TO SEND HIM ABOUT SOMETHING WHEN I GOT HOME -- AND HE DOESN'T ANSWER



NANCY EASILY TALKS CAN INTO BURNING OVER TO SEE WHAT IS WRONG WITH CLAPHAM



ONLY AS HE WAS DRIVING CO CAN THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO CALL ON NANCY FIRST.....

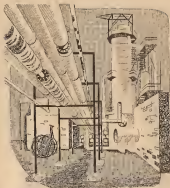








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THE REFINING OF PETROLEUM PRODUCTS: CLYDE, N.S.W.

with a story suggested by Eric Thiele

The maze of pipes, refineries, boilers and tanks that make up a modern oil refinery gave Eric Thiele, well known as N.A.A.F. artist whose work is always suitable for comic interest as abstract from the planning of the Shell Company's oil refinery at Clyde, N.S.W., the largest operating in Australia, a naturally powerful use of the power of oil refining. Shell's Clyde Refinery has been operating since 1941 and has produced more than one hundred million gallons of motor spirit, power kerosene, diesel and fuel oil, lubricants and bitumen.

Enclosed to Clyde will produce over two and a half million gallons of lubricating oils per annum. This, plus the proposed new refinery at Geelong, Victoria, will ensure for Australia a continuous flow of locally refined petroleum products of the highest possible standard.

Eric Thiele's drawings, rendered in the above form in full colour and in published by Shell.

You can be sure of **SHELL**



The Shell Company of Australia Ltd. (Incorporated in South Africa)

1952



It was a land of men without women—and the bully who ruled the land could not rule the men who lived there.

PATTERN FOR MURDER

FRANK SARAO • FICTION

THE road from the court lands on through rugged hills and a pleasant drive. There is virgin bush, old-oak bush with its broken and gnarled and gnarled stumps, bush that the first have blackened always bush, crowding the road, increasing with the old bully's trick of social, masculine, browsing silence, too much bush. Then when you are in the middle of it and know that you have many miles of the same aspect to travel the road mounts, levels along the spine of a ridge, and turns and runs down into a shallow valley where there are three farms.

That is neither bully's trick, of course. It is the short, sudden lurch calculated to unnerve you. Then the muscular silence again, as the road goes up and away from the same and the bush closes in later, much later, when he has thoroughly established his ascendancy, he turns on his heel and walks away from you. He never did want to fight.

I know the road and the bush and I know the mind of a bully very well. The road leads through the bush to the three farms I live on one of them. Tom Peace lives on another, while the third is worked

by Sid Hollis. It is a man's nation. Only a woman of very dull wit or of stronger will could survive here. No woman of either kind has shown up yet, and chances are that none shall. Not now.

We are three, here in the valley. We were four. I believe that we shall soon be two. Sid Hollis is the next one to go. The first was his brother Eben, the bully.

Eben Hollis came into the valley with the legions, found the soil good, and stayed to clear and farm the land. His brother Sid left a job in the city to join him. I think Sid was a clerk, although I'm not certain. He looks like a clerk, even now. Or perhaps he only looks the way I imagine a clerk would, since I have met very few of them. Sid is a man of medium height, his narrow shoulders slope away from a thin neck. Stripped down to singlet and trousers he is all bone. He has a pleasant face, with more flesh on it than on the rest of him, which was lean, like the corn. Yet, although faded, it is a stiff face, almost without expression.

Eben was quite different. There was a positive quality about Eben. He was big, in height, in girth, in voice and posture, even in imagination, small only in that he was a bully. It was a kind of grandeur in the area that had led him to buy land in such a rough section of country. The land was good, and he was not by any means a man spoiled for a fight against Nature, but he could have bought enough good land for one man to farm anywhere else, for the same money.

Perhaps, it is possible, he saw the land and the future in the one moment, his mind's eye created three farms and the brother who would be subject to him and the two strangers who would defer to him as the original owner. The Man

in the valley. On the other hand, it may have been something that built up slowly and perfectly in his mind, but I prefer to think of Eben looking at the land and, like God, seeing at a glance, the fact that it did not work out quite that way not due to any fault of vision, but the, by Eben, unconsidered fact that he was somewhat less than divine.

Yes, Eben built a slab hut with his own hands, as a beginning to the pattern of his new nation. He cleared some of the land. He enlarged the dwelling and put up sheds to house the horses and the plebs, the cow and her calf, and even the dog which he brought along with the rest on the one frantic day of purchase. And then, when there was sufficient made on the wilderness to denote the form of a man used to the city, Eben sent for his brother Sid.

To say that together they cleared and ploughed, sowed and reaped, cleared and ploughed some more would not be accurate. Sid was a man. Eben a wharfhand, and 'together' a word needing this qualification: it was three years the thing was done. All of the good land had been cultivated. It was divided into three parts, and these were fenced. There were, at that time, three similar dwellings. Then Eben was ready to sell two of the three farms.

Those things he told Tom and me, separately or together, on many occasions. We listened. We admired him. Gradually he began to bore us. In the end we disliked him. In the end his brother Sid hated him enough to kill him.

For Eben there was the pattern being made boldly out of his imagination, and for Eben, as for all men, there was a counter-pattern, which is this story. This is a subtle defender. Eben's fate was his inability to judge men, and of this I was the first instance.

IN Wales meeting is thought to be an all-or-none in Scotland and parts of Ireland it is believed that stability is more disaster a poor reality.

When a Red Indian suffered from meeting, he believed it was caused by hostile spirits. So he changed his name—to find the demon. Then, presumably, he went on meeting until he got another name.

The farms were offered for sale through a land agent. The man who drove me out there told me that I was the eighth to make for him. Even had refused to sell to the other seven.

"I expect he wants the right man for neighbors," the agent said. "Which is reasonable enough, since it is a lovely section."

I didn't like it, but we were short there and the agent would not have turned back I was in no mood for argument. The war had left me a sick man, and all that I wanted was peace and quiet, enough work to tire me so that I would sleep at night, and a place of my own. I had farmed before the war, and was not short of money. The idea of being judged and perhaps turned down, like an applicant for a job rather than a prospective buyer was not a pleasant one.

But it was not like that at all. Even would have believed in his ability to make snap judgments of character. I was a big man, obviously a sick man, and an agreeable one.

Good, thought Even. He showed me over the place, the agent standing behind, told me how he had created it, (he did not mention and I did not see his hand), praised the land and the climate, and said, "Well?"

"That seems up to you," I told him. "Be yours if you want it," Even said.

In the power of time before I moved into my new property, Tom Fawell made the same trip, with the same results. Tom actually settled in before me. He was a small, quiet man with a way of looking directly at you during conversation, seeming to hang on your every word. Tom was also an agreeable man. He agreed, and then went his own way. It was not a trait to be discovered in the moment of a snap judgment.

The sale of two farms, development of the pattern, placed a large sum of money in Even's hands. He used it to bring in stone and timber and straw, and he and Sid built a house that showed our shod dwellings in a very poor light. While we worked the land with horse and plough, Even mechanized his farm. Now Sid did most of the work, while Even supervised, surveyed, found his world good. There was time for Even to walk over and visit his neighbors and give them the benefit of his advice. Up to this time, even to his brother Sid, he had been a man with whom it was possible to live. Now, to make certain of Sid, he gave him a vested interest of forty per cent. in the farm. That was to keep Sid bound and it was the death of Even.

As I have said, Tom and I admired Even until he began to hate us. In the end we disliked him. That feeling naturally concerned Sid long before it took its hold on us. Even had Sid, so the phrase goes, just where he

wanted him, right by his side night and day, a bothersome vessel into which he could pour the stream of his words. Sid should have cut his losses and gone away from Even, as Tom once advised him.

"To the devil with his forty per cent!" Tom said. "He'll drive you into the ground, Sid."

"No, I've got too much work into the place, to quit now," Sid answered.

Tom shook his head. "It's your own fault."

If it was bad for Sid then, it was worse after Even had discovered that neither Tom nor I quite fitted into the pattern. We were agreeable men, up to a point. But Even was as judge of points. As he sensed that we were slipping from him, he tried very hard to improve his grip, starting with Tom.

I was over at Tom's place the day Even made the error of trying to stand over him. Tom had been telling me his idea for planting the back screen, and I could see the sense in it. The hour was close on to dusk, and we took our guns and went over the hill after rabbits. There we met Even, on his way out to set a string of traps. He had a bunch of trap chains in one bar hand and his gun in the other, and he was staring at the forest of stakes Tom had driven into the back screen.

He turned as we came down, and his face was angry, and Tom said "Here's a go."

"What are the stakes for, Tom?" Even asked.

"Sweet peas," Tom said, "I'm going to try some for seed."

"But that's your land!"

"Not any more," Tom said.

"You're not going to run my land with any damn sweet peas?"

"My land," Tom said.

"I cleared this ground," Even said.

"I broke it, cultivated it, irrigated it with my sweat, made it out of what was just bush. You're not going to run it with any damn sweet peas or no seed!"

Then there was the period of muscular silence, while Even tried to impose his bulk and his will on Tom. But Tom stood up to him. Sid had gone in their hands, but there had no colonies in the arena. This was men to men. Even tried the effect of the short brutal laugh.

Tom said, "Go your way, Even. You're impotent!"

Then I thought there would be a fight, but there was no fight. Even came at Tom and walked away. Late next day he and Sid cleared the creek, and Sid came over to Tom's place that night and told him. Early next morning Tom took his spoke and mallet and his rifle, and went up the creek and broke the dam. Even did not try to stop him, nor did he ever mention it. A week passed, and Even was back with his advice and his condescension, as though the brush with Tom had never occurred.

Much the same thing happened with me, except that I took it from Even the first time, but not the second. I felt bad about the first time, and the excuse that I had felt too sick to argue with him did not satisfy me, afterwards. The second time was over the location of a water tank, and I offered to punch Even's jaw for him. The tank stood on the site I had chosen, and Even was back next day with advice and some comment to end the tap.

There was silence. Sid

I suppose that, if he thought about it at all, Even believed there'd always be Sid safely held into the pattern by his interest in the farm, by abuse and the threat of violence. A manœuvre such as Even's does not admit defeat. It does not even remotely contemplate death.

Tom has the control fork of the three. From the top-and-point vantage he has built up to his place, you can see Eben's house in detail. That evening Tom saw Eben set out over the hill with his traps. I was on my way over to Tom's, and he was alone, when the shot was fired. To me it was just Eben shooting rabbits. Ed would be at home cooking the dinner at this hour. The shot brought Tom out of his house and across the field to meet me.

"I think, if you don't mind, we'll take a look along his part of the creek," Tom said. "I think that's where the shot came from."

"Why?" I asked him. "It was Eben shooting, wasn't it?"

"I saw him go over the hill," Tom said.

"There was no gun in his hand, only the traps."

"Someone else then?"

"Who else?"

"Well, we'll go and find out," I said.

We found Eben this side of the creek, lying face down across the last three furrows. The gun was a few yards away, on the hard earth between the edge of the plowed field and the roots of an old gum that stood on the creek bank. Eben was dead.

Tom said, "Let's see now. The idea is that he was walking and he tripped over a barrow, and fell. He'd be supposed to have had the traps in one hand and the gun in the other. The gun would've had to be cocked. I saw one of his hands when he fell, landed over there and shot him. That's all possible isn't it?"

"Except, of course, that it wasn't him," Tom said.

"Yes," Tom said. "The more."

"Well?"

"I don't know," Tom said. "I suppose he must have walked behind the gun, stepped on it, and then

swung Eben both barrels. In a way, you can't blame the poor little devil. But in cold blood, like that, I don't know."

Dusk was closing in, and it wasn't pretty to be out there on the creek bank with a dead man.

"What if you think we should do?" I asked.

"The best thing would be to go and tell Ed, I reckon. Then he can drive the truck into town and inform the police. They won't do anything until morning, and that means Ed spending the night as long as a good thing for him."

"Yes, And then?"

Tom said, "Well, that's what the police are paid for, after all. If it looks like an accident to them, then it must have been one, wasn't it?"

The police found no reason to believe that it was anything but an accident. They were very decent to Ed. The coroner held his inquiry in town, and it was a short, quick one. Then Ed came home alone. He had surprised us by staying on. It would be much better all around if Ed were to go away. This is the time when he needs company. He has the farm, and it may seem something to him, having it for his own. But the memory of a man like Eben does not die in a day, or a week, or a month. There is not very much expression on Ed's face, now, but it seems to me that his eyes are haunted.

His cheeks seemed pinched and his lips were drawn in a that, but his watch seemed to twitch at the corners.

We have talked, Tom and I. We have tried hard, perhaps too hard. I think that Ed has begun to sense the effort.

But, as Tom said once, "What can you do to any to a man like that. How the hell can you make small talk with a murderer?"

How the hell can you sayway?



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She hesitated as she stepped from the lift on the eighth floor, but she returned with her hands dyed with deep crimson stains.

THE elevator leveled off at the eighth floor, Dave Logan flung the gate open and his lone passenger stepped out, her massive bonnet as she studied the numbers on the apartment doors. She was a sharply girl and maybe a pretty one. But you wouldn't really tell because her white, tight-lipped face looked distressed to the point of being begged.

Dave said, "Can I help you, ma'am?"

She started, as though she would have jerked his back from under her world, murmured, "I—I want Mr. Gordon's hat."

"Gordon's hat?"

There was an impulsive criticism in the way Dave noted the words. The girl glanced sharply at him, flushed, blushing a pink recovery Dave said, "Lost one on the night, ma'am? Mamma—right—oh—yes."

She thanked him, walked down the corridor on foot that seemed to drag her unwillingly in a direction she hated to take. Dave frowned after her. The frown was still there when, a minute later, he'd shot the elevator down to the ground level.

He emerged from the elevator at its private entrance that James Spindler, who owned and managed the apartment building, emerged from the

passway leading down to the basement. Spindler gave Dave a long look, snapped, "Robbins not back from lunch yet?"

"Not yet," Dave admitted reluctantly. Then Robbins, for all his big mouth, beefsteak-brown and slack habits was a pretty good guy. Dave didn't want to see him fired. Robbins was the regular superior for when Dave, the maintenance man, filled in when occasion demanded.

Spindler's scrub of a black necktie worked apologetically as he crowded on his lower lip. "Confused him, I'll fire him if it wasn't that I've had to advance him a couple of months salary to clear his gambling debts. Heh, that's a laugh! He's hoarding money to someone at a time when I can't seem to get out of the red myself!"

He peered the vestibule door, a lean, badly-battered doorman, his nerves personally strung to snapping point.

"Robbins!" he blurted. The name mention of the name brought a gasp to his palsied cheeks. "Robbins! Drinking on the job, sounding off to the cops on matters that are no concern of his! Taking two hours for supper and tying you down to the elevator while leaving holder for service. Here's Mrs. Devozier complaining her bathtub won't drain. And here's Gordon waiting down to complain his lights won't switch on."

"Gordon maybe blew a fuse," suggested Dave.

"Ho," said Spindler. "I won't be low and checked the fuse myself."

He broke off as a scrawny, vacant-looking youth, hands in pockets, cigarette butt in mouth, shouldered the swing doors aside and snubbed in from the street. Simultaneously the elevator rounded.

"You take it," directed Spindler, adding grumbly, "I'm going to detain Robbins for a couple more minutes—unfavorable month."

Clutching Dave shot skywards.

It was the girl again. She stared at it from the eighth floor corridor, staring for breath, staring blindly ahead of her, her hands clenching at her throat as though striving to choke down the laughter to instill in a screaming fit.

The front of her undered suit was streaked with something wet and hideously crimson. Crimson, too, were her once white gloves.

"Hey what happened?" croaked Dave.

She shook her head. "Nothing—nothing. Take me down—quick."

A muffled image of Gordon occasionally burst presented itself to Dave. "My—oh," he said, "The checking up on this."

The girl grabbed at the elevator gate, tried to slam it shut. Dave jerked her aside free, hustled her back into the corridor, handling her with gentle but muscular firmness.

"Please, please," she pleaded, "let me go. They—they might think I did it."

Dave pushed her ahead of him. Tentatively they passed through the open door of Gordon's room. The place was in darkness.

But the light that seeped in from the corridor was sufficient to pick out the gaily silent heap sprawled on the far side of the room.

The girl whirled round, covered her face with her hands. Dave drew her farther into the room, flicked the light switch. No light came. He recalled that Gordon had reported her lights out of order. He turned on the flashlight which, as maintenance man, he was never without, cried out in shocked horror as its beam hit through the darkness and lighted on the staring eyes and badly-washed throat of Gregory Gordon.

Dave ran forward bent over the man. Gordon was dead. The answer came that lay beside him had been used to cover his "color." The killing had been recent, very recent.

WHICH would you back over a three-and-a-half mile course—a bee or a pigeon? Well, a race between bees and pigeons was staged in Westphalia (Germany). A dove-coot near the line was the winning post. The bees won.

The bees were rolled in fear to make them easily recognizable. First bee clocked in at the five 25 seconds before the first pigeon arrived at the devers. Three other bees came next.

Blood still dripped from that frightful push turn in the flesh of his throat.

Suddenly the rail was gone. Devine's consciousness with the corpse had caught him off guard. He awoke, gasped after her. But the elevator and the girl were already shooting downward by the time he reached the elevator shaft. He swore some more because, for a guy with a lifetime ambition to be a police officer he'd shown himself singularly thoughtless when it came to a show-down.

He walked to the door of the apartment next to Gordon's, hesitated as it would a skunk, held little else was blotted out at him. Devine pushed his way in, explained "This is an emergency, Mr. Collet. I can't use Mr. Gordon's phone. You'll find out why."

With that he doled police hand-grenades, gave his report. "There's been a murder in Apartment eight—sh-rine Speedler Towers. This is David Lopez, maintenance man speaking. Also named Gordon has been cut. Killer probably girl who managed to get away. Age about twenty-three, weight maybe one-hundred-

height five-three, blond blue eyes, grey colored suit, small black hat with white flower, bloodstained white gloves. Okay, I'll stand by."

He hung up. Collet stared at him, his round face colorless. "How dreadful! And I didn't hear a thing. Do you think the police will believe that possible? Dave, would this affair be connected with something? Robbins told me about Gordon carrying a gun and—"

Devine cut him short with, "Maybe, maybe not. Robbins shouldn't talk so much."

He rushed back toward the death chamber. And pulled up with a jerk, for all the world as though he'd hooked his neck on an invisible string.

The door of Gordon's apartment was locked tight! It had been opened when he left it! Someone was inside—with the corpse!

Devine stopped his peering brow, wondered what he should do. The possible thing, obviously, would be to wait and let the cops handle the matter. But just standing there didn't suit Devine's temperament. He fumbled for his gun key, moved down the hall to the door that led into Gordon's bedroom, cautiously slid the key into the lock, let himself in, groped his way toward the door, pencil of light that showed under the door superimposed the bedroom from the living room. His heart was thumping, cold sweat was streaming into his eyes. He asked himself if after all a guy who could get as scared as he was could ever have made a cop.

He opened the second door slowly, ever so slowly, keeping that no squeak would betray his presence. Now he saw that the light came from a flashlight. He thrust his head around the doorway, caught his breath.

A masked man was standing there. His light was dropping toward the floor as though he were not too sure of himself, as though he had to orient himself to unaccustomed surround-

ings. Finally he must have reached a decision for, with obvious reluctance, he knelt down beside the corpse and commenced to turn out the contents of the dead man's pockets.

Devine moved silently into the room.

A floorboard creaked under his feet.

"The masked man jumped up, flung himself at something that lay on the table."

Devine clumped the shining metal of it and also flung himself at it. His head bumped itself around the man's wrist. The man yelped his agony as his wrist bent almost double. The gun recoiled, and the flame of it yanked Devine's coat sleeve. Glass tinkled as a tall mirror splintered under the impact of a sudden blow.

Then the room shook as the man hit the floor. The flashlight flew from the masked man's hand, hit the wall, went out. Devine groped for a grip that would help subdue an opponent who wriggled like a man full of live bait, secured a hold on the man's wrist, dragged it down over his throat, commenced to throttle him with it. The man's body relaxed as his breath left him. Devine lowered himself onto his knees, choked his fist into the other man's jaw. The fight was over.

Devine got up, the gas in his head flushed his light on the man. He seemed to be about thirty, a sandy haired, kind of good-looking guy. He was a stranger to Devine.

The flashlight beam stabbed around the room as Devine directed it at the lamp sockets. There were no lamp bulbs in there. He nodded his head. He'd expected that would be the case. The pattern of the killing was becoming clear to him. He went in search of the running bulb, knowing they wouldn't be too far distant, located them in the bedroom. A minute or so later he'd restored the lights of Apartment 808.

But the late tenant of the apart-

ment would never again see himself of them.

The sound of police cruisers began to echo in on Speedler Towers. The man on the floor moved, opened his eyes, blinked, lay down again as his aching head protested.

Devine crooked his finger toward the trigger of the gun and, "Stay right where you are or I'll blast the heart out of you!"

Then, constantly alert against an overt movement on the part of his recent opponent, Devine crossed the room and studied the corpse. It lay immediately in front of the portiere that screened the kitchenette from the living room and just to the right of the bed table that supported the telephone. Beside the dead man lay the death weapon, a long-bladed, long-handled, saw-toothed Japanese ceremonial sword which a returning GI had once sold to Gordon.

Devine had seen the thing before. Indeed, everyone in the apartment building had. Gordon had loved an audience just about as much as Robbins—which was saying a lot. But what Devine had positively seen the second the first six inches of the blade hadn't been blood-soaked—as it was now.

There was something else about the corpse that held Devine's interest. Gordon had taken something of a beating before receiving the fatal knife thrust. There were bruises both low and high on his head.

The sound of many footsteps coming along the corridor broke in on Devine's investigation. A heavy hand thumped on the door. Devine opened it to admit a lean, muscular, dark-skinned man whom he recognized as Lieutenant VanNess from police headquarters. Richard VanNess came several subdivisions. Speedler who entered the room, with the sandy Robbins bringing up the rear. Robbins turned away when he saw the corpse.

It was the first time Davis had ever seen the man struck speechless.

VanNess' keen eyes flicked from the corpse to Davis, then to the man at the floor.

VanNess held out her hand "Tell me the man," he said.

He pocketed the gun, walked over to the corpse, nodded his head solemnly over it, announced, "No one will touch this until after the medical examiner has given his verdict."

Then he swung on Davis, said, "I remember you. Your name is David Logan. You tried to crawl in the police department but didn't make the physical. Right?"

Davis nodded dumbly. "Right. The first day and I was half as much too short and five pounds underweight."

"Tell your story," ordered VanNess. Davis told his part in the affair, outlining everything, rehearsing nothing.

The lieutenant nodded his approval when he finished, observed, "You have a job for detail." Then he swung on Spindler, "What time did Gordon ring you up?"

"Seven-fifteen," said Spindler.

"Then that," said VanNess, "was the time of the murder. You didn't communicate with him again—to tell him the faces were okay and that a man would be coming up to fix the lights, for instance?"

Spindler shook his head. "No."

"Then," said VanNess, "it's my belief Gordon was struck down immediately he hung up. Obviously the killer turned those light bolts knowing Gordon would automatically creep his way through the door in order to reach the telephone. Once at the telephone he would be in exactly the right position for someone crouched behind the partition to take a crack at him. Why the killer waited until the call was completed I can't say. I can only surmise he was waiting for position."

Davis nodded his head in self-con-

vinction. It was good to hear his own theories being confirmed by a practical police officer.

VanNess went on, "Gordon's back was towards the killer when the first blow was struck. The blow was intended. It nearly sent Gordon staggering forward. He must have turned around then, and received the second blow between the eyes. It knocked him flat on his back. He was in that position when the killer slit his throat with the sword. I imagine Gordon was unconscious at the time."

VanNess turned to Davis's captive, rapped, "How'd you get in here?"

"Up the fire escape and through the window," growled the young man.

"What's your name?"

"I'm not talking."

"Not Fink here, Carney."

One of the subordinates did the job briskly and expertly. Davis swished his head. This was something, watching headquarters men in operation.

Carney answered "Guy's name is Caruthers."

"So," stated VanNess. "That's the name of the woman Spindler and—what's his name—Roberts held when she ran screaming out of the elevator. Bring her in, Carney."

Carney opened the door, stepped his fingers. A uniformed officer ushered in the girl Davis had remembered earlier in the case.

The girl rocked on her heels when she saw the man VanNess had been visiting. She asked, "Jerry? What are you doing here?"

"What is this man to you?" VanNess wanted to know.

Mrs. Caruthers hesitated, then quavered, "My—my husband."

"Uh-huh," granted VanNess. He looked hard at the girl. "Did you tell Gordon?"

"No, indeed, no. He was like that when—when I got to his room. The door was open. I saw him lying there, so I went inside. Because I

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thought he'd merely flouted or something. I tried to ease his head." She shuffled, covered her face with her hands.

"What was you doing here?" asked VanNess.

"None, keep your mouth shut," ordered the girl's husband.

Heat burst into tears. "Oh, what's the use? We can't keep this thing hidden. Gordon made absolute notes about it all. They'll find them sooner or later."

"Notes about what?" asked VanNess.

"About—about me being an—an assassin," sobbed the girl. "I'm the weakest member of the Khybern Society. Gordon was my superior. He allowed I'd assisted him thousands of dollars of the company's money and he threatened me with jail."

For some time she was too upset to continue her story. Finally, under the prodding of the Detective, she went on, "I pleaded with him to give me more time, more that if he gave me just another month I'd make good all I'd taken. He agreed me to wait with him in his apartment and tell the matter over. That's why I came here."

Robbins listened for a longer period than he dared to be silent. Heated in with, "You'd have been safer in jail than with him, lady."

"What if you mean by that crack?" asked VanNess.

"Gordon was fastidious with women," explained Robbins. "You ask Mr. Spindler, you ask Dave. I could tell you funny tales."

"Quiet," barked VanNess. He glanced at Spindler. "Is that the kind of guy Gordon was?"

Spindler nodded. "Absolutely."

The Detective again turned to the girl. "Did you suspect your boss was not too above a character?"

The girl wiggled her hands. "I guess so. That's why I didn't tell Jerry. However, I wouldn't have come here

if I hadn't thought I could handle the situation safely."

"So," said the Detective, "Jerry didn't know, huh? You worked independently, huh? Jerry, suppose you start talking?"

Jerry hesitated, looked her than lips, shrugged. "Maybe Irene was right. You birds are going to get the true facts anyway. That means I'd better come clean. Listen, I'm an assassin. I wanted dough to take me over until I could get an invention on the market. The invention was so revolutionary I couldn't borrow in regular financial circles because they thought I was crazy. We'd been paid back the money within the next month. But Gordon found out about it, and, well—"

"Well, you decided you'd better kill Gordon," finished VanNess.

Carruthers nodded easily. "Sure. Just that."

Irene gave a scream. "Jerry, no!"

"Yes!" declared Jerry. "I came here to kill him."

"Then you confess to the murder?" queried VanNess.

"No!" Jerry shot back. "I came here to shoot him, not to slit his throat. Someone else did that—before I entered the room. I'd only entered here a minute or so before this man called Dave crept in to me. The last thing as the world I expected was to find Gordon lying there with his throat cut."

"I take it," said VanNess, "that the object of the search you made was to find those notes your wife referred to?"

"My Lieutenant," Robbins' tongue was wagging again. "Hey, maybe he was looking for the blue or tan grand Gordon brought home with him. Maybe the girl actually found it and put it somewhere—down the elevator shaft, maybe."

Dave started. A glow came into his eyes. He began to edge toward the bedroom door, taking advantage of

PYRRHUS and FABRICIUS

*A Victory through poison
was abhorred.*



The Roman Empire was built by men of high moral and physical self-reliance and won leadership in the ancient world. It was not until luxury and looseness were introduced by their Eastern slaves that the Empire deteriorated.

The story of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus and the consul Fabricius well illustrates the outlook of the early Roman leaders.

Pyrrhus landed Italy in 280 B.C. and, after himself with the Teasurines of the north, marched on Rome.

He won his first battle at Heraclea but his losses were so heavy that he lamented: "Another such victory and I will return to Epirus alone." This was the birth of the phrase "A Pyrrhic victory."

When the consuls were recalled after the passing of winter the invaders again defeated the Romans and advanced steadily on the capital. Then, while both sides were gathering all their strength for the next decisive battle, a trusted body servant of Pyrrhus deserted. Going to the Roman camp, Fabricius, he suggested that

for a worthwhile truce he would return and poison Pyrrhus.

Fabricius refused the offer and returned the sword under heavy guard with the details of his treachery and a message that he would secure a victory was by such dishonorable means. Pyrrhus was so impressed by this example of the Roman's self-reliance that he freed all his prisoners and withdrew his army to Italy.

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ADVERTISEMENT

CAVALCADE, March, 1950 93

On fact that everyone has previous
good with Robbins.

"Now or too good?" repeated Van-
Ness. "What are you talking about?"

Robbins, a violent in the spotlight,
went on. "Every Friday night since I
had this job, Gordon came here
carrying a big leather match. Couple
of Fridays back, as he was sleeping
to put the match on the elevator
floor I saw the butt of an automatic
peeking out of an empty holder. Not
being foolish about making other
folks' business I asked him what it
was all about. Guess what that
match was full of. He told me that
every Friday he brought the payroll
of a branch factory home with him
and he could make an early break
and drive out to the sticks with it Sat-
urday morning. He'd get between
nine and ten p.m. there. And look-
it, tonight's Friday."

The lieutenant stared. "You mean
he kept his money like that in his
apartment?"

Robbins nodded. "Sure, I asked
what he was taking an awful chance, but
he said he could drill a dime at fifty
feet or what wanted say."

VanNess frowned deeply. "Did
the Camerons, did you know of this
peculiar practice of Gordon's?"

"Yes, I did," admitted the cop.

VanNess frowned deeply. "Did
the matter ever chance to come up
while conversing with your husband?"

"No—no—only I—I—"

"You're lying," snapped VanNess.
"I can read it in your—"

He peered at the door was flung
open and a brash professional little
man hurried into the room and hand-
led for the corpse. Dever chose this
moment to slide into the bedroom and
make his way out of the apartment.

"Hey, Lieutenant," said Robbins,
"hey—"

"Quiet," said VanNess. "I'm consid-
ering the technical manner."

"Now, yeah, but listen," yelled
Robbins. "Listen—"

"Get that talking machine," directed
VanNess.

For five drowsy minutes Robbins sat
and talked with Camery's big head
clapped to his mouth. Then VanNess
said, "Now, what is it?"

"Listen," said Robbins. "I told Dave
Lopez about Gordon bringing all that
dough home Fridays. And I betcha
Dave now has bring it home tonight,
because he was running the elevator
I was at supper."

"So what?"

"So Dave's beat it. Look, Dave's
kind of a buddy of mine, but I guess
tells he near left his skin when I first
mentioned a new motive for the kill-
ing. What's more he took the first
chance he got to take a powder. It
looks like maybe this gang programme
was getting too close to the thirty-
four dollar question."

VanNess looked very thoughtful.

Then right at that moment Camery
gave a yip. "Lieutenant, look what
I got. Saw it peeping from under
the couch."

He held up a leather match that
had been shoved clear across its front.

The lieutenant promptly started
shouting the orders that were ex-
pected to haul in the missing Dave.

Dave, meanwhile, had reached the
basement via the dumbwaiter, which
normally was used by the tenants for
the disposal of trash. The first thing
he did was to remove several loose
bricks from a certain section of the
basement wall. He groped inside the
loose hole thus uncovered and came
up with a bottle of whiskey.

He drank a little. He'd hoped for
something decidedly more significant
than that. For a moment he felt com-
pletely baffled. Then suddenly his
senses awoke. The lead he wanted
was staring him right in the face, was
right there on the basement wall no
more than a scant twelve inches above
his glowing eyes.

Excitement mounted within him. He
began to make a speedy but thorough

Gentlemen prefer...



THE DOG SHOW, 1930-1931

search of the place. He looked around and above and below the oil tank, he explored the deserted east bay, turned out the brown closet, opened the loose grille of a ventilating shaft. And found what he sought.

Money! Gross stacks of it. Thick-pocket rolls of it.

He laid the stuff on a work-bench, rubbed his hands gleefully.

He didn't see the man creep up behind him with that heavy wrench. But he did see the shadow that sprang on to the whitewashed wall as first of him as the justified wrench emitted the light rays thrown by an electric bulb set in the basement ceiling.

Instinctively his eyes widened and, with the precision of a trained boxer, underplayed the blow that was to have dashed his brains out. The falling wrench crashed down onto the bench, splintering it from one end to the other.

Drove toward the attack, using a bewildering assortment of hooks and jabs which his opponent had positively no chance to stop. Within a half minute James Spindler was bent double, bruised, and bleeding on the cement floor.

A voice spoke from the shadow thrown by the oil tank. "You're a tough man in an apartment, Legen, but don't attempt arguing with this guy."

Drove upon several, his arms raised, spearing through bloody loss. Spindler croaked: "Arrest that man, Lieutenant. I caught him trying to remove the payroll money from back of that ventilator."

Drove headlong out loud, "Lieutenant, I've remember how I mentioned Spindler checking the first boxes and how he answered what I had to say? Well, there are those same first boxes on the wall over there. If you'll look at them you'll see they're covered with subversive. They haven't been opened for weeks."

Lieutenant VanDusen whistled, "So

that's why Spindler slid down here. He must have suspected you'd dumped some s's to check up on him. Instantly, why did you check up on him?"

"Well," said Davis, "I knew neither Carruthers nor his wife could have done the killing. The girl I didn't suspect for a second, suppose that you did—or so I imagine. The killing was done by someone who arrived at the apartment before, not after Gordon got home. I knew by the familiar way Carruthers handled his flashlight when I first saw him that he was a stranger in the place."

"So don't let Carruthers out, because the killing was planned by someone who knew exactly what to do in order to lure Gordon to the telephone so that he could be attacked down."

"Gradually I suspected Robbins. I thought he brought up that new motive angle was just the kind of bluff a born gambler like him might try and pull—particularly as he attempted throwing fresh suspicion on the girl when he mentioned it. Robbins, too, was heavily in debt. In addition, he was absent from duty while the killing was taking place. So I checked up on the place he kept the whisky he liked to top while on duty. He thought the place was secret."

"Well, I saw those first boxes—and suddenly I knew Spindler was the killer. He, too, was heavily in debt, so that took care of the motive. He, too, knew of Gordon's bringing that dough home Fridays. Everyone around here did."

"Now, here's how Spindler operated. He traveled to and from the apartment by the dandymen s's he he encountered. He probably meant to escape only the dough. But when, like you yourself said, the first blow was heisted, Gordon swung around to meet the guy who hit him. That meant the guy had to hit him again—because the cops was late. Further-

more he had to come from behind the partners to do it."

"The light coming in from the corridor shone on his face so that he feared Gordon must surely have recognized him. Gordon, of course, would have left the door open in order to grope across the dark room. So, to prevent his later being exposed as a thief, Spindler grabbed the sword and went all the way with it. Using that sword was the most intelligent thing he did. By holding it at arm's length he would be reasonably safe from blood spatters."

"He hid the money in the basement because he figured he could pick it up later. You see, I saw him leaving the basement empty-handed at the time when, by my reckoning, he was returning from the killing."

"There's one thing I don't understand," said VanDusen. "Why did Spindler have to mention that business of the first boxes? What sense did that make? To me it just doesn't seem to add up."

"Spindler," explained Davis, "is a bundle of nervous impatience. He'd

have some extra waiting for the body to be found. He must have spent nights—worrying and thinking about it—wondering who would discover it—and where? At last, he must have been half crazy. He must have decided that he couldn't stand it—that the body had to be found . . . and found straightaway. He wanted me to go up there to arrive Gordon's body, as that I'd find the body and the police investigation would be over with just that much easier."

Lieutenant VanDusen eyed Davis approvingly, said, "Legen, I'm going to convince the police doctor that you've grown half an inch and gained five pounds since you took that physical. As a matter of fact, I think you have myself. Most he the way you're standing . . . or maybe it's just how you look in the light. But that's how it seems to me . . . and that's what I'm going to tell the doctor . . . so be ready . . . you may pan."

Davis's eyes glowed. "Will he listen to reason? Do you think he'll listen to reason?"

VanDusen laughed. "He's a very unreasonable man if he doesn't."

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Talking Points

COVER GIRL . . .

That is Sally Forrest, and if you can imagine her as a protege, you have the job she Laguna has for herself. For she, who quickly lost a path to the top in Hollywood, has taken strawberry-blond Sally under her wing . . . and she hasn't done that because Sally is a no-hoper. We'll probably see more of Sally . . . we'd like to!

STORYTELLER . . .

On page 40 "The Ash of a Good Cop" appears—one of the first published stories of a man whose story telling has been enjoyed by many people for a long time. Mark Holland has been a radio story teller in Queensland, writing and doing the presentation of his stories on the air. He is a versatile, talented and popular storyteller, and thus is remarkable because Mr. Holland is Dutch by birth, tells his stories in the language of his adoption!

EVIDENCE . . .

William J. Mackay's article (page 60) may give a blow to your ego if you stop to wonder where you were on the night of the earthquake. But don't try to test your friends to see what sort of witnesses they'd make. Mackay did—"and when I left they were still arguing each other like in the face!" he said, "and nobody to call for order."

NEVER FEAR . . .

When Lord Ruthcliffe died in England last year he left directions for his heart to be placed to guard against his being buried alive. Doctors commented that many people took similar precautions, usual method of making sure is to sever a main artery, which will not bleed if body is definitely dead. Turn now to page 66.

DON'T TELL . . .

Curiously enough the people who don't tell come in two groups—politicians, and those at the opposite end of the social scale, crooks. Commonly one gets evidence of the third group, which may be a mixture of the other two—the underground workings of the political world. When Leon Trotsky was murdered with an axe, the assassin was caught in the act (page 56 this issue) but he never told who he really was, who paid him, or at whose instigation he murdered the co-leader of the Russian revolution.

BATH . . .

"In Paris Baths Are Public" (page 22 this issue) isn't quite as bad as it sounds, but Betty Nesbit says it's bad enough. Betty is a nice girl; a Sydney journalist who went to London to try her luck, and it held. From a well-paid job in Fleet Street she went to Paris as a correspondent, and there she is, finding out about things like bathing, and writing very entertainingly about them.

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